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NOTICE.

The "INQUIRER" will be published on WEDNESDAY next week. Editorial matter and advertisements should be sent as early as possible.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Rev. W. H. DRUMMOND, B.A., has accepted the appointment of editor of THE INQUIRER, and also of Superintendent Minister of the Provincial Assembly of London and the South-Eastern Counties, and is to enter upon his new duties next summer. Mr. Drummond has been since 1900 minister of All Souls' Church, Belfast, and before that was at Warrington and Cross-street Chapel, Manchester, and the North End Mission in Liverpool. He was a student of Manchester College, in London (1881-86), before its removal to Oxford. It was in his last session at college that his father, Dr. James Drummond, succeeded Dr. Martineau as principal. As a Hibbert Scholar, Mr. Drummond had a year's further study in Germany, at the University of Jena, before entering upon the work of the ministry.

[THE Rev. Stopford A. Brooke is to preach at Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead, to-morrow (Sunday) evening. The service is at 6.30. And on Christmas Day Mr. Brooke is to preach at the eleven o'clock service at Essex Church, Kensington. For this the nearest station is Notting-hill Gate, either on the Tube or the Inner Circle.

THE address on "Collectivism in Religion" given by the Rev. L. P. Jacks at the annual meeting of the Yorkshire Unitarian Club at Bradford, October 10, is now published by the Club, as will be seen from the advertisement in another column, with the title "The Open Principle." The address is, in fact, a criticism of that principle as a satisfactory basis for church life. Mr. Jacks says some trenchant things about the "cash nexus," but, having criticised, leaves us without any further indication of what the "basis for a new development" is to be. We note on page 18 that the date should be 1839, not 1837, for the Liverpool Unitarian Controversy. We cannot say that we agree with Mr. Jacks's reading of the history of our churches, and must find an opportunity in the New Year to return to his paper.

THE Milton Commemoration Service on December 9, at Bow Church, close to the place of his birth, attended by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in state, was marked by an eloquent sermon by the Bishop of Ripon, and by the fact that with him in places of honour, within the altar rails, were Dr. Clifford and Dr. R. F. Horton. The following special prayer was used:—

"Almighty God, from Whom all good things do come, send Thy blessing, we humbly beseech Thee, on us who are met together here to-day, thankfully to commemorate Thy gift to this city and nation of John Milton, Thy servant, who as poet and patriot sought to live as ever in Thy sight. What in us is dark illumine; what is low raise and support; that so we may the better give thanks to Thee for Thy many and inestimable benefits, and with faith and repentance, and the love and service of our brethren in our hearts, may go forward on our pilgrimage from the lost Paradise of innocence towards that which had been regained for us by the glorious death and resurrection of Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to Whom with Thee, and the Holy Spirit be ascribed all honour and glory, now, henceforth, and for ever."

In the course of the service Dr. Horton read from the pulpit two Milton sonnets and a passage from "Samson." The Bishop dwelt upon the prophetic character of Milton's life and teaching. His dreams, said the preacher, in one sense were shattered, but they lie at the root of all that is stable and strong in Church and State. Milton left behind him three messages—the sanctity of personality, the seriousness of life, and the reality of things spiritual. . . . Milton was great as a master of phrases, as a man possessed of a voice that sounded in its variety like the voice

of many waters. He was great in his colossal originality, greater still in the dignity with which he confronted disappointment and disaster, and in the moral dignity which he retained to the last, but greatest of all in his far-reaching spiritual insight.

PROFESSOR RUDOLF EUCKEN, of Jena University, has been awarded the Nobel Prize for literature, a most welcome and well-deserved tribute to the value of his philosophy, which has been described as the New Idealism. It is opportune that Messrs. Williams & Norgate will publish next week in their Crown Theological Library a translation of his most recent work, entitled "The Life of the Spirit." Of this book Professor Eucken writes in his preface that it represents a particular view of the nature of philosophy, which it undertakes to show "must be conceived in this way if it is to be equal to the demands which are made upon it by the life of mankind, and particularly by the present situation."

THE State reception accorded by the Lord Mayor of London to the National Right to Work Council, marks a new attitude towards Labour. There were 312 delegates, representing 180 organisations. Prebendary Russell Wakefield, who presided, said that under-employment was a far greater danger than unemployment, and the remedy which gave a man work for two days a week and left him stranded the remaining days was only calculated to render him inefficient. The recommendations of the Council are to be embodied in a memorial, and to be submitted by a deputation to the Prime Minister and the President of the Local Government Board. They form a kind of charter, of which the following eight points are the substance:—1. The right of every adult to remunerative work or a maintenance. 2. The need of a Minister for Labour, with a seat in the Cabinet, to preside over a separate Labour Department. 3. A national system of labour exchanges. 4. Local improvements nationally required to be met by National Exchequer. 5. Waste lands to be afforested from the Sinking Fund of the National Debt. 6. A universal Eight Hours Day. 7. Establishment of State farms. 8. Taxation of land values, and municipal land purchase.

AN influential deputation from the National Anti-Sweating League, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, waited on the Prime Minister on Monday. Mr. Asquith said that he was not at all alarmed at the idea of a minimum wage. In organ-

ised trades it was already in vogue, through reciprocal action between employers and employed. He favoured the introduction into contracts of a "fair wages clause." There were industries, such as those where work was given out to be done in the home, in which the workers were so situated that they could not combine for the purpose of exacting better terms, and where employers were harsh, if not actually cruel. Machinery, such as a Wages Board, should be set up to deal with these cases. But the change should be so adapted as not to inflict hardship on poor people. On the other hand, it should be so guarded as to prevent unscrupulous employers from getting round the provision of a minimum wage. Without giving definite pledges, Mr. Asquith said he was in sympathy with the proposal to proceed by way of a Wages Board.

The following figures tell their own tale of the healthfulness of garden cities as compared with crowded industrial centres :—

		Death Rate per 1,000.	Infantile Mortality Rate per 1,000 births.
Letchworth	(Garden		
City)	4.8	38.4
Bournville	7.5	80.2
Port Sunlight	8.0	65.4
Bethnal Green	19.1	155
Shoreditch	20.6	163
Wolverhampton	14.8	140
Middlesbrough	20.3	169
Average for 26 large			
towns	15.9	145

THE Vacant Land Cultivation Society exists to obtain the free use of vacant land not immediately wanted, and to grant it in plots freely to partially employed men who work it for their own benefit. The initiative was mainly due to Mr. Joseph Fels. Several pieces of vacant land were placed at its disposal by the London County Council; another piece of land at Fulham was lent by the Gas Light and Coke Company, and also one at Canning Town. Results have been satisfactory. At Fulham, for example, old house foundations and brick rubbish have been converted into pleasant and profitable gardens. In less than three months produce to the value of £40, £50, and even £60 per acre was raised and used or sold. Some of the cultivators were men who were partially incapacitated from their ordinary work by ill-health. More waste land could be profitably used in the same way. The society's address is 39, Wilson-street, E.C.

PROFESSOR DR. MONTET, of Geneva, asks us to announce that the secretary of the English Committee for the Calvin Monument, to whom subscriptions may be sent, is Mr. G. W. L. Barraclough, Floraville, Malmesbury-road, Woodford, N.E.

DR. A. R. SKEMP, lecturer in English Language and Literature at Strassburg University, has been appointed Lecturer in English Literature at Sheffield University. Dr. Skemp is son of Rev. T. R. Skemp, of Southampton.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.]

ENVELOPE COLLECTIONS.

SIR,—May I ask any of your readers, who have had experience of collecting the expenses of public worship by the system of weekly envelopes, for information on the following points :—

(1) Was the system adopted for the collection of (a) Annual and quarterly subscriptions, or (b) Weekly offerings, or (c) Both of these together without distinguishing between them.

(2) Did its adoption lead to an increase of income or the reverse?

(3) Were new members attracted by reason of the collection of a subscription in weekly instalments, who otherwise would not or could not have subscribed in one annual sum?

(4) How long has it been in operation at any particular place, and has its working given satisfaction?

J. SUDBERY.

24, Fernleigh Road, Winchmore Hill,
December 7, 1908.

AN EAST-END SETTLEMENT.

SIR,—It will give pleasure to many of Mr. Cooper's friends to support him in his endeavour if the committee at Mansford-street decide to found a settlement in connection with the church and mission; and I am with many others in hoping that there will be a ready response to his appeal for young men.

No one who is acquainted with the mission work carried on in our great cities can doubt the beneficial results following upon the establishment of settlements. If personal influence be an essential element in the work of religious reformation, then assuredly the settlement idea should prove fruitful when applied to our missions. We have it from Sir Walter Besant, who knew London, I take it, as well as or better than most men of his time, that among all the institutions making for the amelioration of the people, he considered the settlements the most fruitful and most promising.

It seems curious that though Mr. Booth and others speak of the Unitarians as ever in the front rank of social workers, we hear little of attempts at establishing settlement work in connection with our missions. May the scheme in the minds of our friends at Mansford-street come to practical issue and prove the forerunner of other similar efforts.

"Minister, alone at his post, will be glad to meet with a few young men with a view to . . ." One feels almost justified in expecting Mr. Cooper to publish, further, a photograph and personal description along with his letter! I shall not attempt to do what he has left undone—references may be obtained from many Manchester College students, past and present, who have been fortunate enough to spend week-ends and vacations with the genial pastor at Mansford-street—but, failing this, I should like to urge any young men who can make the necessary

arrangements later on to lose no time in writing to Mr. Cooper to secure the chance of a term of residence at or near the parsonage.

But I think Mr. Cooper must give more information before the men will be forthcoming as they might. They say that in India, at the end of the dry season, when the ground is hard and baked by the sun-heat, two nights of heavy rain are sufficient to bring forth life and the many sounds of life all around. If Mr. Cooper would send a gentle rain of information as to what would be demanded of such young men—the sacrifices expected of them, the work they would be called upon to do, the leisure they would be compelled to take, and the joys inseparable from the work—there might appear young men from "a" the airts the wind can blow."

JOHN C. BALLANTYNE.

December 15, 1908.

NORTH MIDLAND LAY PREACHERS UNION, in connection with the N. M. Presbyterian and Unitarian Association. The usual quarterly meeting was held on Saturday, December 12, at the house of Mr. F. Robinson, Nottingham. Mr. T. G. Turton, of the Yorkshire Union, attended by invitation, and explained a proposal for forming a National Union of Lay Preachers for co-ordinating and directing their work. The following resolution was passed :—"This Union, sympathising with the proposal to form a National Union of Lay Preachers' Associations, requests Mr. Turton to convene a meeting of lay preachers at the time of the National Conference of Unitarians, Free Christian, and kindred congregations at Bolton in April next to consider the matter."

OUR London readers in search of books for Christmas presents would do well to visit Essex Hall during the next few days. In the rooms of the Sunday-school Association will be found a very carefully selected stock of books suitable as gifts for this season of the year.

The Christmas Number of the *British Weekly* (2d.) has a well-illustrated Milton supplement, in which one of the articles is by the Rev. C. Silvester Horne on "John Milton—Puritan." The address by Dr. Robertson Nicoll on "Samson Agonistes," given at the Manchester Free Church celebration, also appears.

THE language of God's chosen ones is not strange to us; in the hard path which they have trodden we can follow afar off: we go from strength to strength in their footsteps, and know not yet what we shall be. We are touched with the music of all sweet singers; the deep things of the sages stir the abysses of our hearts; the more we feel the greatness of God's strongest sons, the more are we conscious that we too are His well-beloved; and we are never more loyal to humanity than when we hang upon the lips of Christ.—*Charles Beard.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications have been received from the following :—J.C.B., C.W.C., J.E.C., L.C., J.T.D., F.G.J., K.L., H.P., L.T.S., G.W.

SPIRITUALISM: AND OTHER MATTERS.

HERE are three books, all treating more or less of spiritualism and kindred subjects, two of them written by Secretaries of Psychical Research Societies, the third endeavouring to attach itself to the same movement.

"The Arcana of Nature," by Hudson Tuttle, with an introduction by Emmet Densmore, M.D. (Swan Sonnenschein, 6s. net), hails from America. The introduction gives an account of Swedenborg, Hudson Tuttle, W. J. Colville, and other "Psychics," and the body of the book contains a reprint of the "Arcana of Nature; or, The History and Laws of Creation," by Hudson Tuttle (together with extracts from his "Philosophy of Spirit"), which was first printed at Boston, U.S.A., in 1860. This would not strike anyone as remarkable, save as a piece of antiquated scientific compilation, were it not for the claim that is made for it by its author. This amounts to a statement that he was not its author, but that it was dictated to him, being then a boy of seventeen who had had no educational advantages, and possessed no access to books, by certain "invisible guides, who have manifested the earnest zeal of a father for a feeble and truant child." As the book treats, in 300 pages, of the Nebular Theory, of the geological history of the earth, and of human anatomy and psychology, with a considerable number of references in footnotes to Darwin, Lyell, Owen, Carpenter, and many others, giving full chapter and verse, one begins to wonder where he is—until he is told by Mr. Tuttle himself that "the copy of 'Arcana' (from which this is printed) is exactly as I received it (from the spirit guides), notes and all. The notes were written just as the text. . . . Almost all the books referred to I read afterwards—some years later." Then one knows all about it. But it does seem a little opposed to our modern thought to be told, by the editor, that the reason why certain statements are not in conformity with present-day science—that, in point of fact, there are mistakes in the book—is due to the fact that "the source from which Mr. Tuttle's inspiration came was limited to the knowledge which men of science at that time possessed." One cannot help feeling that a very much simpler explanation might be given.

In the second of these volumes, "The Direct Phenomena of Spiritualism," by E. T. Bennett (Wm. Rider & Sons, 1s. 6d. net), we are presented, by a former assistant to the late F. W. H. Myers, with an interesting study of "direct" spiritualistic speaking, writing, drawing, and the like. His conclusion is that the reality of such phenomena, "independent of any ordinary means," is established. He is candid enough to say that, "as to the reality of these phenomena, evidence, in the strict sense of the word, is, of course, impossible"; and, further, that as "they make a still greater claim on our powers of belief" (than the ordinary phenomena of spiritualism), "the evidence of their reality needs to be of a still more unexceptional and convincing character." He even records the verdict of the members of the Society for Psychical Research who engaged in the investigation of such

matters, that "most of the alleged cases which have come under their notice are due to conjuring or vulgar fraud." And the main part of the book is taken up with a consideration of the drawings and paintings of David Duguid (one of them contributed, we notice, by our good friend, the Rev. J. Page Hopps), some of which were so palpably stolen from Cassell's Family Bible that when they appeared in "Hafed, Prince of Persia: His Experiences in Earth-Life and Spirit-Life," they had to be withdrawn through infringement of copyright. And he further gives the passage from Swedenborg from which one of the most remarkable of Mrs. Everitt's "direct" spirit writings was evidently compiled. Yet, in face of all this, he quite honestly believes that "we still remain entirely in the dark as to the physical means by which these permanent psychical effects are produced." For our part, we heartily agree with the "message" said to have been obtained through the mediumship of Mrs. Everitt—"We cannot comply with any more writing in this way; it is only proof to those who witness it, none whatever, you will find, to those minds who want proof for themselves."

"New Light on Immortality," by E. E. Fournier d'Albe (Longmans, 6s. net), is in many respects a much more important production. It contains the serious speculations of a physicist upon the possibility of human immortality. The new data accumulated by recent physical and biological investigations are brought to bear upon the question in hand. In all this portion of the work the author is entitled to respectful attention, more especially as he belongs to that group of scientists to whom the crude materialism of the last two decades has proved unsatisfactory, and who are endeavouring to find a theology which shall be in accord with the teachings of the latest developments of science. It is the third part of his book which gives us pause. In this he attempts to carry his physical methods into the region of psychology, and to reach certain definite conclusions as to the probable constitution of disembodied spirits. One would imagine that a physicist, of all men, would accept only such phenomena of this kind as had been observed by himself, but the author tells us that he has had very little experience of these matters, and relies upon the literature of the subject for his information. His principal body of evidence is derived from the accounts of the embodiment of "Katie King" under the mediumship of Miss Florence Cook. It is quite true that this is one of the most remarkable cases on record, established on the word of such persons of note as Sir William Crookes and Florence Marryat. It is true that photographs are shown, taken in a dark room by magnesium light, which purport to be photographs of a spirit, but since this same spirit could be felt and handled, could shake hands with the observers, could be grasped round the waist, could cut off locks of her hair and leave them as souvenirs, as well as portions of her dress, and, in short, was so substantial a phantom that Sir Wm. Crookes himself wrote that "the 'ghost' was as material a being as Miss Cook herself," one wonders what such observers mean by

the word "spirit," and most of all that a trained scientist should seriously put forward such a case as this in what is, after all, a serious and perfectly honest attempt to bring science to the aid of faith.

At the end we are left wondering, not that men should spend time and thought upon such matters—for we can none of us help thinking upon them—but that anyone should imagine that even that which constitutes the fullest and most convincing evidence of supernatural phenomena for himself can possibly be convincing to anyone else. We most of us require direct proof of such matters for ourselves.

FELIX TAYLOR.

SHORT NOTICES.

John Milton, the Man, the Patriot, and the Poet, by W. G. Tarrant, B.A., will commend itself at once to those of our readers who noted what Mr. Tarrant wrote on Milton in these columns, and last week's report of his address on Milton as citizen. It is a little book worthy of a great commemoration, and good to put into the hands of thoughtful young people (and of their elders also) as admirably bringing out the essential things for which Milton is most worth remembering. Two slips in quotation the pressure of a busy time has left uncorrected. On p. 55 the line from Milton's well-known sonnet, "Of which all Europe rings from side to side," appears in a curious form, and Wordsworth's phrase (p. 84) is "dwelt apart." Of special interest is the passage which Mr. Tarrant quotes from the third book of Milton's "History of Britain," commenting bitterly on the failure of Parliament to establish a free state. "This notable passage," he says, "was omitted by Milton himself in the first edition of 1670, and only saw the light in 1681. No doubt Milton's feeling in his old age was that the Presbyterians, who had played the tyrant in their day, and had later betrayed the Commonwealth to Charles II., had since paid double for all their sins. But it throws a most instructive light on his political consciousness. Democrat as he was, he was far too wise to allow that by inviting more fools to share political power you diminish the probabilities of folly" (p. 54). The effect upon his poetry of Milton's inborn gift of music is well brought out, and also the earnest effort which is required of readers of his great poems. Note also especially the passage (p. 65) on his singing of things infernal as well as celestial: "Had he not been a pamphleteer, he would hardly, I think, have known so much about hell!" And again, after reference to his austere Hebraic mood toward woman: "The old saying that poets learn in suffering what they teach in song finds illustration here." (Philip Green, 5, Essex-street, Strand, W.C. 1s. net.)

Young Days, an illustrated magazine for children and young people, edited by J. J. Wright, F.R.S.L., comes now as a volume for Christmas, welcome as ever. Besides the continued tale running all through the monthly parts, there are short stories of Courage, Perseverance, Mercy, Faithfulness, &c., illustrated articles on the Birds of the Month, by a Young Naturalist; Temperance Notes,

and other good things. (Sunday School Association, Essex Hall. 1s. 6d. net.)

The Unitarian Pocket Book and Diary for 1909 is now ready, and the Year Book will follow. Easter Sunday, we note, is on April 11 next year, and Christmas Day will fall on a Saturday. April 19-23 are the meetings of the National Conference at Bolton. (British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Essex Hall. 1s. 3d. net.)

The Christmas Birth-Poem, by William C. Gannett, is re-issued in dainty pamphlet form, as a seasonable gift for those who are glad to realise all there is of beauty and truth at the heart of the Gospel legends. The old record is interpreted by one who is himself a poet.

"Still the angels sing on high,
Still the bearded men draw nigh,
Bringing worship with the morn,
When a little child is born;
Baby-glory in the place,
Star-look on the mother's face,
Psalm within the mother's heart—
Christmas all in counterpart!"

The legends, says Mr. Gannett, embody "the mystery, the sanctity, the divinity in source and in advent of every child that cometh into the world." They have also a second meaning, as "the poem of the Coming of the Spirit of Love on the earth." (British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Essex Hall. 6d. net.)

Among other books we have also received the following:—

The first numbers of Messrs. Constable's new series of *Philosophies Ancient and Modern* (1s. net each): "Early Greek Philosophy," by A. W. Benn; "Stoicism," by St. George Stock; "Thomas Hobbs," by A. E. Taylor; "Locke," by S. Alexander; "Scholasticism," by Joseph Rickaby, S.J.; "Comte and Mill," by Thomas Whittaker; and among recent volumes of the same publishers' earlier series on *Religions Ancient and Modern*, "Early Buddhism," by T. W. Rhys Davids. From the Cambridge University Press a series of pleasant little volumes:—*The Interlinear Psalms*, the Authorised and Revised versions together; *St. Francis and His Friends*, rendered into English from Francisian Chronicles by H. Grimley; *The Imitation of Christ*, edited by J. H. Srawley, D.D.; *Blaise Pascal Thoughts*, selected and translated by Moritz Kaufmann; *Agathos, the Rocky Island, and other Sunday Stories and Parables* by Samuel Wilberforce. (1s. 6d. net each volume.)

The Truth of Christianity, by Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton. Seventh edition, 20th thousand. (Wells Gardner & Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Positive Science of Morals, by the late Pierre Laffitte. Translated by J. Carey Hall. (Watts & Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Prolegomena to a Complete Exposition of Theism, by Jacques Cohen. (Swan, Sonnenschein. 2s. net.)

Have Miracles Happened? by the Rev. H. T. Dixon. (Elliot Stock. 2s. 6d. net.)

The History of the Hebrew Nation and its Literature, by Samuel Sharpe. Sixth edition. (Elliot Stock. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Spiritual World, as described in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, by J. Howard Spalding. (F. Warne & Co. 1s. net.)

OBITUARY.

ROBERT DURNING HOLT, J.P., D.L.

LIVERPOOL mourns the departure of one of her worthiest sons. In Robert Durning Holt all men saw the best type of citizen, a man of business who always displayed practical wisdom, clear judgment, and devotion to duty, a philanthropist who displayed wisdom in his deeds of charity, a civic patriot who was inspired by the best and purest motives, a leader of men who commanded the respect and love of all his followers, a broad-minded politician who fought strenuously and honourably for what seemed to him to be the rightful cause. But his popularity with most men was due, not so much to his undoubted ability as to his great kindness of heart, his cheering words, his pleasant manner, his blithe spirit, his wide sympathies, his universal charity. He could not have made an enemy even had he wished to do so. His political opponents loved him almost as dearly as his friends. He was a leader of men in the world of politics, and his followers clung to him because they found inspiration in his sunny and courageous spirit. He could fill them with fresh ardour in times of difficulty, could banish from their minds the clouds of discontent, lift them out of a sense of loss or disappointment, and raise them to a calmer atmosphere of brave endurance. No man was better known in the city of his birth than he, and none was more beloved. On all sides during the last few days moss eloquent and sympathetic tributes have been paid to his memory. Beside his grave all men are as one, for all share in the feeling of bereavement, all have lost a friend.

Robert Durning Holt was the youngest son of Mr. George Holt, a native of Rochdale, who settled in Liverpool in the early part of last century, and founded the cotton broking business of George Holt & Company. Mr. G. Holt devoted much time and attention to public affairs and philanthropic efforts, and was for many years a prominent member of the City Council. He was the personal friend of William Rathbone, and his comrade in many beneficent endeavours for the sake of the sick, the poor, and the oppressed. His son Robert was born in 1832 in Rake-lane (now Durning-road), Edge-lane, and, in due course, entered his father's business. From the first his practical wisdom, genial manners, and devotion to duty insured his success as a business man. By and by, the municipal and political life of the city attracted him, and with ardour he accepted new responsibilities which the good will of his fellow-citizens quickly thrust upon him. In 1870 he was placed on the commission of the peace for the West Derby Hundred. In 1877 he entered the City Council as the representative of Exchange Ward, which had returned his father before him. He stood as a Liberal in politics. It is to be regretted that in purely municipal matters a contest should have to be fought on political lines. Yet in Liverpool, as in so many other places, party divisions were always closely observed, and Mr. Holt was compelled again and again to face Conservative opponents, but he was always able to

maintain his hold upon the affections and the votes of his supporters. In 1892, after fifty years of opposition and exclusion, the Liberals were able to secure a majority of one in the City Council. To them, therefore, was given the privilege of electing the aldermen, and the duty of taking the lead in the conduct of municipal affairs. Mr. Holt, on the proposal of Alderman William Bowring (now Sir W. Bowring), and with the glad consent of even his political opponents, was unanimously elected Mayor. During his year of office, Mr. Gladstone, also a native of Liverpool, and a personal friend of Mr. Holt, conceived the happy idea of paying him a personal compliment, whilst reflecting honour on the whole city. In August, 1893, on Mr. Gladstone's recommendation, the chief magistracy was raised to the status of a Lord Mayoralty. The same year Mr. Gladstone received the freedom of the city at a non-political gathering at St. George's Hall, and Lord Salisbury came to open the Overhead Railway. Thus, within two months, Mr. Holt had the honour of entertaining at the Town Hall the two greatest statesmen of the day. Lord Rosebery offered him a baronetcy, but he modestly declined it. The greatest public honour which the City Council could bestow, viz., the honorary freedom of the city, was accepted by him on October 14, 1904, in the company of the late Earl of Derby; Mr. Holt was the first Lord Mayor of Liverpool, and Earl Derby the first Lord Mayor of Greater Liverpool. The conferring of this honour on Mr. Holt was formally sanctioned by the Council in the following resolution:—"That the honorary freedom of the city be conferred upon Mr. Robert Durning Holt, first Lord Mayor of Liverpool, who for a continuous period of twenty-six years has represented with ability, integrity, and independence an important commercial constituency in the City Council, and, in conjunction with other members of a family distinguished by public spirit, has laboured unceasingly to promote the prosperity of the port, to stimulate the civic patriotism of the citizens, and to elevate the people by a generously conceived, unostentatious, and wisely directed philanthropy." That was a ceremony long to be remembered. The meeting in the Town Hall was crowded with Liverpool's best known citizens, and the casket containing the resolution of the Council was handed to Mr. Holt with many words of sincere appreciation by Sir Robert Hampson, the then Lord Mayor.

In municipal affairs Mr. Holt's services were invaluable. He was a prominent member of the Watch Committee, as well as of the Library, Museum, and Fine Arts Committees. As an art connoisseur his judgment of pictures was always valued. His calm decision, his shrewd business insight, his wise and broad-minded treatment of public questions, and his remarkable natural geniality of disposition were traits of character which none could overlook. The same qualities marked him out as a leader in the field of politics. He was chairman of the West Derby Liberal Association when in 1887 Mr. Gladstone contested South-West Lancashire. In 1877 he was elected president of the "Liberal Nine Hundred," and held that office until in 1885 the city was divided into the

present nine constituencies. He safely brought his party through seasons of anxiety and doubt. He could be firm as well as gentle. His urbanity of manner conquered all difficulties and united his supporters in a wise and earnest loyalty to himself and to the great principles which he had at heart.

Mr. Holt married in 1867 Miss Potter, daughter of Mr. Richard Potter, of Standish House, Gloucestershire. He leaves a family of eight—three daughters and five sons, of whom the eldest is Mr. Richard D. Holt, M.P. for Hexham. Mrs. Holt died in May, 1906, since which time Mr. Holt's health has been perceptibly failing. Only a few months ago he retired from the firm with which his name has been so long connected. His sympathies were wide, and manifested themselves sometimes in unexpected ways. He never refused help for a good cause; in his largeness of heart he would ignore sectarian divisions. When the excellent Roman Catholic priest, Mgr. Nugent, died, it was Mr. Holt who advocated the placing of a public monument to his memory in the new garden on the West of St. George's Hall; he himself organised the movement, suggested the design, obtained subscriptions, and at length unveiled the statue in the presence of the Roman Catholic bishop of Liverpool, and numerous representatives of all sects and parties. That is but one instance out of many. Of his numerous acts of kindness and philanthropy by far the greater number are unrecorded. But there are many persons in Liverpool who found in him their best and truest benefactor in the hour of need.

From his childhood he was connected with Renshaw-street Chapel, to which his parents before him had been warmly attached, and the best powers of his soul were brought out and nurtured under the ministries of Rev. J. H. Thom and Dr. Charles Beard. He took a deep interest eight years ago in the planning and building of the new Ullet-road Church near his own house. Of the congregation worshipping therein he was one of the foremost and most valued leaders; for many years he was a member of the council as well as warden. He was seldom absent from public worship; his constant attendance proved his interest in the services and the connected institutions. He was endeared to all his fellow-worshippers by the tenderness of his manner, the graciousness of his presence, the kindliness of his greetings. His companionship has been a source of inspiration, his presence a constant benediction, and his friendship a blessing to all. He died at his residence in Ullet-road on the morning of Thursday, December 10, and on Saturday last, prior to cremation, a funeral service was conducted at the church by the Rev. J. C. Odgers. There was present a large and representative gathering, including the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, and many members of the City Council. On Sunday morning Mr. Odgers conducted a memorial service, when again there was a large congregation. Those who met together on that occasion felt how much they had lost by his departure, and yet how much they had gained by associating with him. His was a life worthily completed, a career nobly closed. To have realised God's

purposes in the whole tenour and current of one's days; to have borne a good man's part in the busy occupations and duties of the world; to have followed a high ideal with strenuous earnestness; to have never faltered when the times were difficult and anxious; to have been a support to other men's faith and courage; to have preserved a calm serenity of mind when trials were sore; to have waited patiently until the path was clear; to have laboured on without losing heart, and without any abatement of tender thought for others—what achievement could be nobler, what career could be more glorious than that? Should we not thank God for a good life nobly ended on the summit of existence, on the sunlit heights of faith and hope? J. C. O.

HENRY W. GAIR, J.P.

WE regret to announce the death, at Penketh, Wavertree, Liverpool, of Henry Wainwright Gair, who passed away in his sleep on Tuesday, December 1, in his eighty-fourth year. He was the elder son of Samuel Stillman Gair, who came over from America to England in the early part of last century to open the branch house of Messrs. Baring Bros. & Co. Born in May, 1825, Mr. Gair received his early education at the schools of Mr. Voelker (Everton) and Mr. Heldenmaier (Worksop), where, amongst his companions, may be mentioned William Rathbone and Thomas Ashton (future brothers-in-law), and James Worthington, of Sale.

Mr. Gair's business career was with Messrs. Rathbone Bros., and in 1851 he went out as their agent to New York, where he became an American citizen. He returned to this country in 1859, and after representing the firm in China subsequently for a time, he settled at Penketh for the remainder of his life.

During the American Civil War he was an enthusiastic believer in the cause of the North, at a time when it had scarcely any advocates in Liverpool, and, at some inconvenience, insisted on retaining his American citizenship until the war was over, when he resumed his original nationality.

He was one of the most regular attendants on the bench of magistrates, and also on any other public bodies to which he belonged, such as the Infectious Hospitals Board and the Rainhill Asylum.

Mr. Gair took no prominent part in public affairs, but he followed events very closely, gave liberally to many institutions, and, as a man of business, was much valued for his keen penetration, the soundness of his judgment, and the thoroughness of his methods.

He was a regular worshipper, first at Renshaw-street Chapel, and afterwards at Ullet-road Church. He was a strong Unitarian, and for very many years served on the Manchester College Committee. He was elected a Hibbert Trustee on the same day as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., and he attended the meetings most regularly.

Though more or less invalided for the last few years, there are many who, on hearing of his death, will call to mind the erect figure and courteous manner, and, underlying the outer man, the high

qualities of kindness, loyalty, justice, and truth which characterised Mr. Gair.

The funeral service, prior to cremation at Anfield, was held at the Ullet-road Church on Saturday, December 5, conducted by the Rev. J. Collins Odgers.

MARIAN PRITCHARD.

UNITARIANS sometimes bemoan the lack of inspiration and strength in their religion. I confess, as I call to mind many saintly men and women, I am more than ever impressed by the beauty and power that lie at the heart of the principles and faith we hold.

Marian Pritchard will occupy a notable place in any calendar of saints which Unitarians may compile. Her death on Wednesday, December 9, after a very brief illness, at the age of 62, came as a great shock to a large circle of relatives and friends by whom she was dearly loved. Not many hours before the fatal seizure came, she had attended a committee meeting at Winifred House; and had looked over the proof-sheets of her record of Newington Green Chapel, which she had prepared for the Bicentenary arranged to be held on the following Monday. For some years past she had suffered at times from a trying illness, but her indomitable will, and the desire to work when there was work to do, enabled her to conquer the ills that flesh was heir to. Now that she has passed away, we realise that the world was made richer by her life, and is poorer by her death.

Marian Pritchard, youngest daughter of Andrew Pritchard, F.R.S.E., was born at Canonbury, November 4, 1846. The later years of her school-life were spent in Paris and at Eisenach in Germany. At the age of twenty-four she became engaged to Arthur Young, LL.D., the gentle and gifted son of Thomas and Dorcas Young. Two years later, in 1872, he died, and his memory was devoutly cherished with beautiful persistency throughout her life. The "Aunt Amy," by which she became so widely known, was made up of his initials with her own Christian name in the centre—A M Y.

Miss Pritchard used laughingly to say that she commenced Sunday-school teaching at the age of six, when one day two smaller infants formed her class. She was actively engaged in Sunday-school work from girlhood until death, and her name became more closely identified with Sunday-schools among the Unitarians of Great Britain than that of any other woman. Her work was at first confined to Newington Green—the site of the present school-house being her gift. Eventually, she ceased teaching there, that she might devote herself to a wider work which more and more claimed her thought and time. She was known as visitor and speaker, not only in the metropolis, but in many parts of the British Isles. In connection with the summer school for Sunday-school teachers, held at Oxford, of which she was the founder, she was brought into personal contact with representative teachers from all over the country. It was an inspiring and touching sight to see her wander about the beautiful buildings at Oxford, surrounded by an eager band of young teachers, who looked up to her and loved

her. Her whole mind and heart and strength were given to these Oxford meetings, and verily she had her reward in lives made better by her presence.

To the Sunday-school Association she gave twenty-nine years' loyal and strenuous service. She seldom missed a meeting of the committee, and her interest and enthusiasm deepened as the years passed. Richard Bartam, Henry Jeffery, I. M. Wade, gave of their wisest and best to the work of the Association; and Marian Pritchard became their fellow-labourer in 1879, and like them continued till the end. Few societies have been served with such sustained interest and devotion as she displayed. Her opinions were usually formed with painstaking care, and once formed it was not easy to dislodge them. She and I occasionally tried to argue each other out; sometimes we ended in agreement, sometimes not, but always in unbroken friendship—a friendship in work of twenty-six years. In the year 1903 she held the office of President of the Sunday-school Association, but was prevented by illness from attending the anniversary meetings; and this, I believe, was the only anniversary during thirty years from which she was absent. Along with her brother Ion and myself, she visited America in 1900. She made a special study of Sunday-school work in that country, and addressed meetings at Boston and Chicago. She also attended the meetings of the International Council in Holland and in Switzerland. Her visits to the great Sunday-schools in Lancashire were much enjoyed; at conferences and meetings she was in great request as a speaker.

Miss Pritchard was an industrious writer. She made no pretensions to scholarship in the technical sense, but she read widely and with observant thoughtfulness. Her first book, "In Search of Truth," published in 1875, is dedicated "to the memory of one who has left the rich legacy of his love to brighten and enrich my life"—the reference being to Arthur Young, who died three years earlier. The book, originally prepared for her senior class of girls, contains fourteen Sunday conversations on the Bible and popular theology. She pleads throughout for a frank and truthful treatment of the Bible, to "thus make our religion a constant guide, help, and comfort." In 1878 she wrote a little play for children, "The Prince's Triumph"; another, "Princess May," appeared in 1900. For three years—1881-84—she edited *Young Days*, and "Aunt Amy" was always known to its readers. She was a regular contributor to *The Sunday School Helper* during the ten years I was editor.

"Sunday Lessons for Infants" was published in 1887; "The Book of Beginnings" in 1896; three volumes of "The Helper," 1898-1900, were edited by her; "Hymn Lessons for Junior and Infant Classes" in 1901; the "Poem of Job," upon which she bestowed much labour, in 1903. The circulation of "Job" was limited, but she rejoiced that G. F. Watts, the great painter, appreciated her work. She edited "Monthly Notes" for Sunday-school Teachers, 1904-5, and "The Sunday-school Code Book," 1906. Two days only before her death she completed "The Meeting House at Newington Green: The

Story of Two Hundred Years"; a few days earlier she corrected for the press the text of a Service of Song, "Faithful and True," based on Miss Frances E. Cooke's "Story of Theodore Parker." Miss Pritchard had also been at work at intervals during the last two years in the preparation of a little book dealing with our Unitarian faith. In her record of Newington Green Chapel she indicates her own religious faith: "More and more clearly the vision of Divine Unity comes before us; and in the thought of God and man together, of man and man together, and of all Creation together with God, we seem to catch a glimpse of what may be in that Kingdom of Truth, Righteousness, and Love, towards which we all desire to draw near."

Country Holidays for Children, the Southend Home for Elder Scholars and Teachers, and the various meetings, conferences, and festival services of the London Sunday-school Society engaged a large measure of her thought and energy. Her monthly preparation class for teachers, held at her own house, was highly prized.

Miss Pritchard's interests extended beyond Sunday-school work. She was a member of the Council of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and she occasionally conducted religious services in London and in the provinces. Of her deeds of private beneficence, bestowed always with conscientious thought and care, there are many who could bear eloquent testimony if an opportunity were given them.

The late Mrs. Hampson—a saintly woman if ever one lived—in the year 1876 had brought to her by Marian Pritchard a young girl whom she desired to rescue from a life of sin and suffering. From that day a deep and enduring friendship sprang up between the older and the younger woman. On the death of Mrs. Hampson, the rescue work of her home was abandoned, and in its place, at her wish, Winifred House was established in 1890 as a memorial, for the reception of poor children, after illness or surgical treatment, who required fresh air, good food, and careful nursing to complete their recovery. From its foundation until her death, Miss Pritchard was the efficient and enthusiastic secretary, and one may say the devoted "mother," of Winifred House and its invalid children. It is, indeed, no exaggeration to describe her as the "angel" of the House. To see the smile on the children's faces, as she passed to and fro among the little invalids, was to renew one's faith in the dignity and beauty that abide in the mind and heart of a woman.

Her own home life at St. Paul's-road, and in later years at Highbury-crescent, was made beautiful by thoughtful consideration and kindest feeling. Her elder sister, Miss Emma Pritchard, for many years a strenuous and sympathetic worker on the Charity Organisation Society; her brother, Mr. Ion Pritchard, so well known as the hon. secretary of the Sunday-school Association, and an invaluable member of the Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, along with Miss Edith Spiller, a niece, made up a delightful family circle. To them, to her brothers, Mr. A. Goring Pritchard

and Dr. Urban Pritchard, and to her other sister, Mrs. F. W. Turner, there will go forth wide-felt sympathy.

W. COPELAND BOWIE.

FUNERAL SERVICE.

The funeral took place at Golders Green Crematorium on Saturday, December 12, when the service was conducted by the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie. There was a large attendance of relatives and friends. The Sunday-school Association was represented by past presidents and by present officers and committee. Mr. John Harrison, President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, played some beautiful music on the organ, and the hymn, "I cannot think of them as dead," was sung. Miss Pritchard had herself requested that the twenty-third Psalm should be read, along with a short poem "from the equally inspired writers of later times." The Psalm and lines from Tennyson were read. In the course of a brief address, Mr. Bowie said:—"Should any of us falter in our faith, slacken in our efforts to reach some higher good, or cease to care for those in need of sympathy and help, then let us remember Marian Pritchard; and courage, strength, and love will return to us. The dignity and worth of human nature shone in and through her life with steady radiance. From early womanhood she devoted herself to the search of truth, and to the end of her life she never grew weary of the pursuit. To works of beneficence she gave unstintingly of her time and energy, and her plans were laid with rare aptitude and skill. Her sympathies were deep and strong, but they were controlled by judgment and good sense. To know her was to love her, said a friend when he heard of her death. She was loved by a large home-circle of relatives and friends, and by multitudes of others throughout the length and breadth of the land. Her spoken and written word, and, above all, her pure and noble life, were a present help and inspiration. Sorrow at her departure is only natural. We would that she had stayed with us a little longer. But she was not one who cared to dwell gloomily upon life's inevitable griefs. We are glad that she lived; we are grateful for the work she accomplished; and we rejoice in the faith, hope, and love which illumined her mind and heart."

On Sunday morning at Newington Green Chapel, the Rev. Dr. Carpenter, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, preached. The Bicentenary service was combined with a memorial service. There was a large and representative congregation present. Dr. Carpenter paid an eloquent and sympathetic tribute to the memory of Miss Pritchard.

The Committee of the London Sunday-school Society, at their meeting on Wednesday, December 9, passed the following resolution:—

"That the Committee of the London Sunday School Society have heard with deep sorrow of the death of their former president, Miss Marian Pritchard. Their first thought is of those who have lost her loving and beloved companionship in the home, and to them they tender their

heartfelt sympathy. They desire also to record their sense of the great loss which our whole group of churches has suffered, especially in those branches of their work which promote the welfare of the young. They gratefully remember the cheerful and infectious enthusiasm, the untiring and self-forgetting devotion, with which through a long series of years Miss Pritchard employed her manifold gifts of mind and heart in the service of our Sunday-schools and their allied institutions. They sorrow to think how much her direct guiding touch will be missed, but they find consolation in the assurance that her inspiring influence will continue to be a great power amongst us.

(Signed) HENRY RAWLINGS,
President.
R. ASQUITH WOODING,
Hon. Secretary."

CALLED HENCE.

THE shining angel came with beckoning hand,
Calling her onward to the spirit land ;
As one who walked in faith and knew not fear,
She followed to that bourne so far, so near.
A summons swift, a blow to those she left,
Of kindly sympathy and care bereft,
Yet, linked with those beyond and those of earth,
Her freer spirit finds its higher birth,
Working and hoping still in faith and love,
With gaze fixed ever on the heights above.

E. K.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE FOREST IN WINTER.

DECEMBER came to the Forest over a sea of milk—milk drawn from the exhaustless herds of the sky ; for out over the low-lying moor that forms its northern frontier the mist lay smooth, compact, far-spreading, woolly-white. Here and there where a hummock bears a cluster of trees, or a swelling bank is crowned by a pine plantation, the tops of the trees formed a dark green island, with a level shore line in the white sea. This one saw as the winter sun rose drowsy and late, but an hour even of his tepid warmth sufficed to disperse that solid-seeming felt of mist, and to drink up that broad sea of milk. But, later in the day, it returned in another form. We passed from white to grey. December is in the woods, without form but not without voice—a world of mist, the blurred branches and trunks of the trees themselves are but like streams of mist concentrated and running down into the earth. Plop, pat, go the heavy drops which have swollen and slid down the branches until they can hold on no longer, and now fall to the ground. On one's upturned face the fine globules of moisture produce a sensation of minute, cold pin-pricks, and all around the forest [murmurs, there is a silky rustle, a sound of microscopic business going on vastly between the drizzling atmosphere and the rich resonant mat of dead leaves. Altogether, in scene and sound, here is veritable winter—winter camping in the forest in as genuine, native fashion as the gipsies yonder who, though they have no better house protection from

the chill and drench of the night than is afforded by their poor canvas tents on hazel stretchers, seem unusually jubilant, and, as though to prove with what spirit they mean to face this, like all other kinds of weather, have lit three good fires—signs, let us hope, of a specially generous supper—by whose cheering embers, huddled close like rabbits in a burrow, under clout and ferns they will presently lie smoking and chattering until speech and firelight both go out and the forest and his wandering children are all asleep together.

Other denizens of the woods are likewise slumbering, or have departed to distant and warmer climes. Among the sleepers, by day as well as night, are to be numbered the hedgehogs and squirrels, the snakes and adders. We watch now in vain for the jolly laugh and the drumming of the great green woodpecker, and for the ubiquitous tits and tree-creepers of the summer. They are most of them far away now ; but jenny-wren has stayed behind at her peril, for she will surely be hunted by ruthless boys on Christmas Eve. The bellman blackbird, ever suspicious, hurries over the ground from one hollybush to another, and the jay, decked out to the nines in russet and sky-blue, and best seen among the open boughs when the winter sunshine strikes across his lovely wings, laughs harshly. By night the brown owl hoots to the moon as bravely as ever. The hawks, since the very provisions of their larder have taken wing and crossed sea, have prudently done likewise. Of four-footed folk you may more often now catch sight of a group of fallow-deer. Moss, heath, ivy—there is always something for them to eat, but provisions are not so succulent at this season as they will be in a few months time ; and in hard weather, especially when there is frost or snow, the shy creatures get emboldened by the pinch of hunger, and though never proving such devastators as their brawnier red cousins of Exmoor, will sometimes make of the forester's cabbage-patch a thing of the past.

The hardy native race of forest ponies is proof against all weather ; not that they fail to take precautions, though they have their special winter quarters. Here and there, amidst the thick growth of a dell in the moorlands, you will find a specially dense cluster of trees. The ground between is trodden hard and bare ; the trunks forming pillars and the holly scrub a close wall, and the interlacing branches above, a roof, a gang of ponies will find here a snug refuge on a wild winter's night or during a blizzard. Such a shelter is the possession of the tribe, to which they return year after year, as often as the conditions of the weather make it desirable.

The pigs—the famous black and red swine, who may claim to have played a brave part in history, since their flesh fed the Crusaders in olden days and the soldiers who fought at Crecy and Agincourt, are not so much in evidence in mid-winter, for they have eaten up the beech mast and the acorns, and many of them must stay at home now and complete their toilets for Christmas.

I have spoken of the creatures which disappear from the forest during the winter, but there are some that are now to be seen at their best ; these, however, of a

vegetable rather than animal nature. On the ground, on the roots, trunks, branches of the trees, the mosses and lichens are coming to their full beauty in various tints of green, of grey, with softening stains of blue and yellow, or like verdigris on copper, and richer patches of purple. The fungi, too, are now in their glory, and will continue until the frost checks them. Amongst others, the "vegetable hedgehog" appears abundant this season, with its beautifully constructed canopy of pendant tubes containing the spores, from which it derives its name. A wholesome, tasty dish is this to the knowing. Not only do the fungi come upon the scene with noiseless step like other forms of plant life, but with a sort of humility and bashfulness all their own, hiding amongst the fallen leaves and dead branches, among the rubbish and waste material of nature, content to find food and lodging in places which the higher society of life pass by. Many of them are of striking and delicate colour, and they are of manifold form. And, bear in mind, that they have a noteworthy office to fill, endowed as they are with a magic power to turn things visible into things invisible, and to win back from the dead the elements of life. In immense numbers and with unsuspected energy they advance into every nook and cranny where their services are required to take down the empty houses once tenanted by the living, and break up the old machinery of nature that can run no longer. Imagine—no, we cannot imagine—the enormous accumulations of animal and vegetable stuffs which the earth would have come to carry on its surface, if every leaf that fell, and every dead body of plant and tree, of animal and bird, remained unaltered as a stone. There would, in the course of ages, come to be scarce any room left for new life. For the dissolution, the vanishing of all this accumulation of rubbish, we have to thank the fungi, especially those that are invisible and microscopic. Moreover, it is to be observed that the proper body of a fungus is, generally speaking, insignificant to the eye, being hidden away in the ground or in the dead timber, where it is actively carrying on its work ; the bright and showy structure we admire and call the toadstool or the mushroom, or the puff-ball, is simply an apparatus for developing and scattering the spores or seeds.

The holly, which grows nowhere more luxuriantly than in the New Forest, and which, if not cut back, would in some places form an impenetrable scrub, yields a grand harvest to Covent Garden Market, and thence to the glory of Christmas throughout the country. One can hardly begrudge a sacrifice that contributes so essential an element to the mirth of thousands, yet a sacrifice it is of no trifling value which the forest makes every autumn when it thus surrenders almost every holly branch that is gay with scarlet berries. A month ago, the woodmen sallied out and stripped the woods of this handsome crop, and vast was the stack of the red and green bundles that finally went up to London to be kept in store till Christmas week. By the time it is needed next winter, happily, there will be another holly harvest ready.

H. M. L.

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LONDON, DECEMBER 19, 1908.

THE PRAYER FOR PEACE.

"Far is the time, remote from human sight,

When war and discord on the earth shall cease;

Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite."

ONCE more the season brings to the representatives of all the churches the appeal of "Peace Sunday."

"Rulers and statesmen can set before themselves no higher aim than the promotion of mutual good understanding and cordial friendship among the nations of the world. It is the surest and most direct means where by humanity may be enabled to realise its noblest ideals; and its attainment will ever be the object of my own constant endeavours. I rejoice to think that your international organisation, in which are represented all the principal civilised countries of the world, is labouring in the same field, and I pray that the blessing of God may attend your labours."

So said our King to the representatives of the seventeenth Universal Peace Congress, which met in London last July, in reply to an address which they presented to him at Buckingham Palace; and this year's united appeal to the clergy and ministers of all denominations to observe "Peace Sunday," signed by nineteen bishops and three deans of the Anglican Church, and representatives of many other denominations, issued by the Peace Society, contained the following passages:—

"Various events have conspired to render the coming Christmas season peculiarly favourable. The retrospect of the passing year is not darkened by any great war. The recent Universal Peace Congress in London furnished an occasion for the expression of sympathy by their Majesties the King and Queen, also for that of the Bishops of the Lambeth Conference, and for the recognition and support of the Government, all of which was most gratifying. The year has been marked by continued *rapprochement* between the courts and countries of the civilised world, emphasised by frequent international visits, and crowned by the recent royal gatherings, in which our gracious Sovereign has continued to render signal service to the cause of international goodwill and peace. Progress in this

direction has been so great as to emphasise by contrast the anomalies connected with the persistence of war and warlike preparations in Christian States, and the serious results which must follow from any approach to actual warfare. More than ever then it becomes the duty of the Church to guard the nations against the recrudescence of the war spirit, and to promote the coming of that Kingdom which is 'righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'"

One other reminder we will add here, from another of the papers issued in this connection by the Peace Society, passages from a speech by the Prime Minister at a banquet of welcome to the Archbishops and Bishops who came together for the Pan-Anglican Congress last June:—

"It is quite true," said Mr. Asquith, "as history shows, that common religion no more than common blood is an adequate security for peace. People may believe the same dogmas, recite the same creeds, worship at the same altars, and yet to all intents and purposes be irreconcilably estranged. But surely there is enough in what we see around us in this regard to quicken the most lethargic conscience. It would almost seem as if the one and only sovereign specific against war upon which the Christian nations of the world are all agreed is the insistent multiplication and equipment of the instruments, human and inanimate, of destruction; but I am one of those who think, at any rate, that they can discern behind and beneath this disheartening spectacle the silent movement of pacifying and reconciling forces. I am not speaking for the moment in the character of a politician of the treaties and international understandings which happily are, year by year, minimising the risks and narrowing the area of possible contention between States. Far more important as a settled and growing influence is the increasing disposition of the various peoples to know and understand one another. . . Improvements in the means of communication, greater facilities of intercourse, the spread of education, particularly in regard to foreign languages, a growing sense of the solidarity and interdependence of the trade of the world, the internationalisation of science and invention—all these have been contributory causes converging in the same direction, but the work is still lamentably incomplete.

* * *

"Let me remind you that in her best and greatest days the Church has always exercised two supremely important functions. She has been at once an emancipating and a unifying power. She destroyed slavery, she re-created the family, she proclaimed to principalities and powers that property, privilege, the favours of fortune, are not a freehold, but a trust—a trust for which a strict account will be exacted. But it is, may I suggest to you, the mission of the Church not only to set men free, but to bind and hold them together. She has banished, or helped to banish, many of the social plagues which used to poison and devastate human life; she may still, if she will, using her opportunities, and living up to the height of her mandate, take her share in the task of

expelling the greatest scourge which still threatens the unity and the progress of mankind."

One new departure, of happiest augury, the churches of this country have taken during the present year. They welcomed as honoured guests nearly 150 representatives of the churches of Germany, Protestant and Catholic alike, who came to London for a week's brotherly fellowship and conference in the interests of peace. An illustrated volume, recording the whole proceedings of that remarkable visit, is to be issued immediately, and we shall then have a further welcome opportunity of bringing this subject to the attention of our readers.

THE DISINHERITED.

"No enemy," they say, are you
"Of others," but indeed a foe
Unto yourself!—which may be true
Of some that have not sunk so low,
Yet err more deeply than the boor,
Whose sin is but in being poor.

"No utter villain he," men say,
"But dulled by slothfulness and drink."
Yet, even so, they go their way,
Laughing because they dare not think;
And babble in the market-place
Of luck, and wealth, and pride of race!

And all the while your addled brain
Conceives that life's the sport of chance;
That foolish men for others' gain
Must toil, till the unmeaning trance
Of death ends all—except for wives
And children drudging out their lives!

A dreary creed, but, without doubt,
Not lacking truth, if somewhat hard;
The natural "faith" of souls shut out
From human hopes—untrained, ill-
starred,
In coarsened bodies vilely pent,
That never have been innocent.

And I, who look into your eyes,
Faded and bleared, yet mirthful still,
Must clear my brain of ancient lies
That dull the heart, and numb the will;
Lest I should censure fate, and be
As impotent as the Pharisee.

For well I know fate has no part
In the injustices of man;
But we lack pity in the heart,
And play the "good Samaritan"
With virtuous air, and frigid smile,
And rob our brother all the while.

Yet as you pass me by—unshorn,
Unkempt, with pale and sagging cheek—
I see far-off the chill, grey morn
Of Hope, whereof no man can speak
In words that you would understand,
Being an outcast in the land.

The chill, grey morn that yet shall glow,
At noon, with love of man for man;
When virtues shall have time to grow,
And life, upon a nobler plan
Than ours (while millions for the few
Must toil), shall build the race anew.

LAURA ACKROYD.

IN THE CROW'S NEST.

It is a very bare nest, without Corva and the nestlings. The short time I have been on the wing seems like a dream and an eternity. It was with quite a shock that I saw the Fuldera children; during all this immeasurable space they had not grown three centimetres! The clock must have stopped, thought I, in the Münstertal.

A Tuesday it was when we looked back from the top of the pass upon the frosted pines, spirits of the Alpine winter, and the lower larches still on fire with autumn. The Corvuli waved adieu to their great friend, the Ortler, to lofty Lü and our tiny far-off belfry. Down over the ringing road, through evergreen woodland, on the brim of enormous ravines, we sped to Zernetz. Ever above us the heavens were blue: oh, one learns what blue is when one lives in the Crow's Nest. Then up through the familiar villages to where Bernina looks over the shoulder of Morteratsch upon the crawling Rhaetian trains, and down, through those wonderful twirly tunnels that the elder twitterer loves so much, to the Rhine, and old-world Chur. A colleague who met me there addressed me, as all native fellow-synodals address each other, with "du." Another barrier down! I am admitted to the inner circle.

To bed at eleven, up at three, for we are to spend the cream of the day in Strassburg. Breakfast at Zürich, whose lake began to glimmer on us just before we left it; and at Basel—no luggage. We must give up Strassburg, and content ourselves with these well-known streets. Pfarrer Altherr and other friends were hospitable as ever, which was fortunate, for the Vegetarian Restaurant at Basel can only be described in libellous terms. With two little boys in Basel who would not seek the Zoological Garden? The ourang-outang had a cold, and the usually affable parrots would not give a civil answer to a civil question. But the Raubtierhaus made up for all. We saw the mamma lion feeding and washing her cubs like a Gargantuan tabby-cat. The enormous python was sloughing in a slovenly way, patchwise. "Do all big snakes get rid of their old skins like this?" "No," answered the keeper, "only this fellow. The Madagascar boa slipped out quite cleanly this morning. Would you like to see the slough?" He brought it out, and in guerdon for our admiration, bestowed it on me as a present. It is six feet long, dusky flecked, and if I had not seen the boa in his new clothes I should have thought it very beautiful. Then the keeper showed us how fond of him the female puma is, and fearlessly caressed the old lion, and went in among the alligators and crocodiles and hustled them out of the water—how the Nile crocodile swore at him!—and made himself generally agreeable.

A night train, stopping every half-hour, with a new guard to propitiate at every frontier, lest the nestlings should be robbed of their sleeping-room, brought us very early on a raw morning to Brussels. How hideously cold was the unheated hotel to which our porter took us, and how long we had to wait for coffee, and how pinched and blue we were the whole forenoon! But the Hotel-de-Ville and the Cathedral,

with the other things one sees in half a day in Brussels, were none the less admired. Then to Antwerp. The whole journey from Basel to Antwerp leads over battle-fields. How many skulls have been turned up, I wonder, by the railway navvies in Alsace, Lorraine, Luxemburg, Namur and Brabant? On the way to our boat we were stopped at least twenty minutes by the most imposing funeral I ever saw, that of Bürgermeister Hartog, who died in office, after cleansing Antwerp of evil Parisian things. Soldiers, gendarmes, firemen, deputations, uniforms, equipages, marched slowly and interminably past us, under lamp-posts draped with crape, and hundreds of half-mast Belgian standards, all the same large size. This man, two Belgians I have since met assure me, was worthy of all the honour shown him. "But the King is popular, too," they add, "because he has plenty of money to spend, and spends it."

We find our boat and deposit our baggage, but cannot embark for several hours. With two little boys in Antwerp, who would not seek the Zoological Garden? There is only one in Europe, that of Hamburg, which excels it. I hear that the London Zoo is beginning to cater for its birds in the spacious Antwerp fashion. The Raubtierhaus is much larger than at Basel, and the pythons have a miniature mountain to climb and curl in. While we were trying to count them, a keeper came to our help and pointed out almost invisible serpentine rolls in shadowy hollows. We conversed. The boa skin is mentioned, discussed, exhibited. "Very beautiful," the keeper admits, "but not perfect. It lacks eyes. Wait but a moment." The moment brings out a smaller but perfect slough, that of a young python, eyes and all. I admire, as before, and, as before, receive. Just then the time came for feeding the carnivores, so our talk was broken off. When you visit this garden, do not take tea there. We did. As we glided down the Scheldt, as soon as the fairy lights of Antwerp had faded, we all turned in. Three of us slept like tops, rocked in the cradle of the deep. It is only from Corva's report that we knew of the terrific whistling, the rolling and the stoppage off Flushing, which meant, in fact, nothing more than the taking on of our pilot. (I did my best next day, to open a conversation with that officer, but whatever language I tried he only replied with the interrogative monosyllable "Flemsk?" A pilot who talks nothing but Flemish is a nut I cannot crack.) When we came on deck we were off the English coast, between Lowestoft and Yarmouth; and soon a church tower rose into view, beneath which, in twelve days' time, I was to give away a happy bride. Towards evening came prosaic Grimsby, the customs, the quay, train, ferry, a genuine British growler, and a welcome in our native Hull.

The Bi-centenary doings in Leicester, are they not written in the columns of the INQUIRER? Four days of great joy to us, with some sorrow; for not all the faces we had left behind, three and a half years ago, were there to greet us. It is not given to every parson to celebrate in two successive months the bi-centenary of two successive charges. How like in spirit, and how strangely different in all

externals from the Leicester festival, was that which we held in Fuldera just seven weeks earlier! Ours was the only service held that day in the whole Protestant Münstertal, and every parish had sent its contingent to the bravely adorned little church. It was too late for Alpenrosen, but great festoons of pine-boughs were gemmed with such flowers as Nature never knew—our giunfras had made them of many-coloured paper. The churchyard had a new gate, a really beautiful piece of timber-work, and the Pfarrhaus study received a new and serviceable bookcase. Pfarrer Filli, who is a poet, came from Santa Maria to preach. As he heard our bells in the stillness of the morning, he had seemed to catch the faint reverberation of their ringing throughout two centuries, and he told us what their bronze tongues had been saying. After service the parish officials dined together in the Gasthaus, and talked, be it confessed, of nothing but whooping-cough and foot-and-mouth disease. The cattle plague, which visited us in the summer is, in a pastoral land, a very grave misfortune. It destroys the trade in cattle, and cripples the dairy industry, for a whole year. But in the afternoon our troubles were forgotten. We gathered in the pine forest, and a band of music came from Catholic Münster, to complete the unison of the valley. Our choir sang, and the band played, and little speeches were held, and letters from old Pfarrer were read, and the lads and lasses danced beneath the boughs. Their Sunday clothes were of rustic cut, but I do not think you ever danced in such a ball-room—its walls the immense mountains, tapestried with vast pine-forests, and the Alpine sky its canopy. At night we had a new and wonderful entertainment, fireworks to wit, and Bengal lights; and our friend, Andreas Gross, of Cieris, delivered an oration in the dark from the church tower, and spoke of "our church of Fuldera." At Leicester we had other glories, a mayor for mountains, pictures for pines, and we all talked English instead of Latin. But 'twas the same thing still, here and there.

The last of the festal meetings in Leicester was a welcome to the new minister, my guild-fellow, sealed of the tribe of Will. The Great Meeting has had three such gatherings in six years. We all hope that this will be the last for many and many a day. None of us is better equipped than E. I. F. to uphold the best traditions of that noble congregation.

Then we all had influenza, especially Corva, who for a short time was dangerously ill. The crisis passed in time for me to attend the wedding, and a very pretty wedding it was. The bride wore a dress of biscuit-coloured tweed, with broken check of pale blue, trimmed pale blue silk, the bodice being composed of crème point d'esprit net, with hat to match. There! One half of the house from which she was married is in Paston, where the Paston letters were written, and I drove over next day to see her new home in East Ruston, where Porson was born. Then back to Leicester, to do a slight service for the younger congregation—to Josephus in Birmingham—to Gamaliel in Oxford, where I spent two precious days, to Jacobus in Salop, and it was a joy to see

him so well again—to Carolus in Leeds, a glimpse of my convalescents, and my wings are spread for the Nest.

Now, when this flight was first planned, it had included, for me (1) a meeting with Gertruda in Paris; (2) a dinner at the Lyceum Club to meet a famous feminist, who was to convert me to her methods; (3) an evening in the House of Commons; (4) the vision of a graceful classical dancer; (5) and a visit to the Franco-British Exhibition. For the sake of the corvicles we took it wrong way about, and so it happened that (1) Gertruda was in America before I reached Paris; (2) the famous feminist had succeeded in shutting up, not only herself (in Holloway), but also (3) the Strangers Gallery; (4) the classical dancer had sprained her ankle, and (5) the Franco-British Exhibition was closed. But I saw Unitarius, and Valentinus, and Jesse, so my time in town was well spent.

The choice of a reasonable man, who has a long afternoon to wait in Paris lies, I suppose, between the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Louvre. I chose the Louvre, because I wanted to appease the offended numen of *Ἀρεμὺς ἰοχέαιρα*. For when I was here before, suddenly in the Corridor de Pan, my pulse and I stopped together, at sight of the distant Vénus de Milo; and when, who knows how long after, she dismissed me from her presence-chamber, I was still so rapt that I walked past the Diane Chasseresse without even seeing her. Queen and huntress, chaste and fair, forgive me now! Have I not endured seventeen months of compunction, *ἐδολεχὼ νοῦτος*, and have I not paid a special pilgrimage to thy pedestal, and bought thy picture for Tabitha? (Most humiliating adventures befell me in the search for it. The sellers of photographs kept bringing out prints and books that no decent pair of tongs could be induced to touch. There is little doubt which goddess reigns in Paris.) This time it was the Samothracian Victory which worked on me with strongest spell. She leaps from her trireme on the height, just as Landseer's stag—*procul este, profani*—used to leap from the head of the staircase in Bolckow Hall.

The next day dawned on the Jura, where the hoar-frost was whiter than it had been in Normandy. What a contrast between slim, headlong Birs, and fat, leisurely Seine! Coffee is always good in Basel, especially when you drink it with Hugo Medicus, in a room that overlooks St. Margarethen. Lucerne, Zurich, Geneva have their lakes and their grand horizons; oft would I visit them, but 'tis in fair Basel on the Rhine I would choose to live. On this November day I saw the Lake of Zürich, for the first time, at its best: the water transfigured with sunshine, the stately town arising from it in such beauty that Stamboul itself could scarce be more gracious to the sight, and the Eastern mountains spotless in new splendour. The romantic Walensee is past. Sargans! Change for Austria! Over the Rhine at Ragaz we rattle into Graubünden. Here is Landquart, and still the valley floor is green. But our new engine wears its snow-plough, and at Malans the ground is white, save where each fruit tree has thawed a little lawn

round its foot. We thread the gloomy Klus, that gate of doom to so many, bound for Davos, and further. Night falls and the snow carpet deepens as we climb the Prättigau, kindly mother of a turbulent race. From Klosters to Davos the light of the train falls on deep drifts and laden pines. I alight in sledge-land.

It was on August 8, 1905, that I first pulled this fateful bell. I pull it again—for the last time?—on November 26, 1908. And at last, at long last, the doctor says what all this time I have been wooing him to say. Gone! "You may safely take up work again in England," what matter the warnings and conditions? My sentence is served: I am free.

Certain missives are given to the wafting angels of the post. The merry sledge-bells ring through the Züge, tamed now, tunnelled and bridged by the new railway, which is to open in June. I make pleasant acquaintance on the journey, a Parisian with an American wife, who turns out to be a fellow-heretic. In the train to Samaden I greet again my friend Major Gross, of Cierfs, the comptroller of the cantonal arsenal, who is on his way to inspect a new Zeughaus in the Engadin; for that strike at St. Moritz has left its deep impression on the authorities. And the morrow bears me back by the rushing Inn and frantic Spöl, over the bleak pass to my own parishes, where the flag is flying to greet me in Fuldera.

Fuldera.

E. W. LUMMIS.

GUILDS OF HELP.

I.—THEIR ORIGIN AND PURPOSE.

IN almost every town in Britain to-day, certainly in every industrial town, there is a problem of poverty. Anyone who really appreciates the problem recognises that shortage of the necessities of life is not its worst aspect. Appalling as it is that multitudes should suffer the need of adequate food, fire, clothing, and housing, the really disastrous feature of poverty is its dehumanising tendency, its inherent power to deteriorate the physique, to dwarf the mind, to weaken self-control, and to steal away self-respect. Poverty—sufficiently prolonged—produces drunkards, thieves, idlers, unemployables, immoral persons, lunatics, and suicides. Or, where its consequences are least deplorable, it at any rate produces a dull resignation to a lot which could satisfy no rational being alive to the worth and possibilities of human nature.

That is what we have on the one hand—poverty as an outstanding fact and a challenging problem. On the other hand, we have a large wealthy class, and a still larger class of the "comfortably off," who look on this scene with grave disquietude. Many of them, especially such as have earnestly pondered the social implications of the teachings of Christianity, are profoundly concerned at the crisis reached. To quite a considerable number it has become an obsession: they simply cannot go on day after day, enjoying the comforts and amenities of life, and leave their less fortunate brethren in the plight which has been theirs hitherto. The social problem is clamantly to the fore. Everywhere men and women are

declaring: "In the name of Christ, in the name of humanity, nay, even in the name of civilisation, this state of things must not go on!" It is a matter for the Legislature, for the social reformer, and the economist, but it is also a matter for the citizen—for every citizen. An economic system is a complex and delicately adjusted piece of mechanism. The social reformer who possesses anything of the statesman knows that such a machine cannot be re-adjusted in a day. Our economic system has grown up haphazard. Chaotic enough from one point of view, from another it is cosmic, orderly—you cannot lay a rough hand on one of its parts without throwing other parts out of gear. That it will ultimately be put right everyone hopes, but meanwhile a mighty mass of human need demanding immediate relief confronts us. The economist may wait till to-morrow, but the philanthropist must act to-day. Here, on the one hand, is a vast need, on the other a vast sympathy. But the two are seldom in adequate and organic relationship. Much help is given, but it is too often sporadic, independent, impatient, uninquiring, unsustained, lacking method and organisation. Consequently, it frequently defeats its own ends—feeds the disease instead of removing its cause.

Now, Guilds of Help have arisen with a definite view to the systematising of charitable efforts, to co-ordinating—without laying a finger upon—charitable funds, and to the assisting of persons in need with (what is far better than doles) the gift of personal service. As a rule, the Guilds hold no Relief Funds, they do not suggest the pooling of funds, but they aim at making all available sources of help—pecuniary and otherwise—effective to the last degree, with the minimum of waste and overlapping.

It is of fundamental importance to the proper appreciation of the nature of a Guild of Help to understand clearly that it is not an additional charitable society. It is not in any sense a sectional agency, whether religious, social, educational, or any other. It identifies itself with no one creed, or class, or interest. It concerns itself with no one aspect of life. It devotes itself to the whole of the interests of the poor and needy, and this purely on a basis of brotherhood, of common citizenship. The Guild of Help is essentially a civic movement. It co-ordinates the sympathies and activities of each in the service of all. A glance at the origin of the Guild movement will assist to a clear conception of its aims and objects.

Fifty years ago there lived in Elberfeld a rich citizen, one Daniel von der Heydt. In spite of the existence of flourishing industries, the streets of Elberfeld were crowded with ragged, starving, and miserable people. Von der Heydt was a born philanthropist, and as he passed them day by day he was deeply touched at the sight of their wretchedness, and, being a religious man, he pondered much on devices for reforming them. Many means of amelioration were tried, but of the tentative kind which experience has repeatedly shown to be futile. Still "beggars were round every doorstep, and if you looked for a man to do an odd job for you, that man was not to be found." One day, as the good Von

der Heydt was reading his Bible, he came across the passage where Jethro advises Moses: "Thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, to be rulers over thousands, rulers over hundreds, rulers over fifties, and rulers over tens." The passage struck the German philanthropist with all the force of inspiration. Here was the solution of his problem—the permanent guardianship of the weak by the strong. From it sprang the famous Elberfeld System of relieving poverty and preventing destitution. The system, as it obtains to-day, is this: The city is divided into a large number of small districts, over each of which is a superintendent, and these districts are sub-divided until they represent only some twenty, ten, or even fewer working men's families. The oversight of these families is entrusted to a voluntary guardian, who visits them once a week (or fortnight, according to requirement), and makes himself their permanent friend and confidant. In time his knowledge of them becomes so intimate that their circumstances and family history are welded into his own life. His relation to them is so fully understood by their friends and neighbours that it is almost impossible for illness, bereavement, loss of employment, or any other misfortune, to overtake them without his being speedily acquainted with the facts. His *protégés* trust him, and if he sets aside an hour or two in the week for the purpose, as is usually the case, they come to him in their troubles. Germany has nothing analogous to our British Poor Laws. The Elberfeld City Council, in levying a rate, has power to make provision for the relief of the city, and to apply the money in accordance with the recommendations of the voluntary guardians. Guardians, though called voluntary, are legally bound to fill an unpaid office in the service of the city for a term of years. But so highly esteemed is the position that there are always far more ready to serve than are at any particular moment required. All classes of the community fill the office—men of independent means, professional and business men, and well-to-do mechanics and artisans. The main objects of the Elberfeld System are to deal with distress in time, to preserve the self-respect of the temporarily unfortunate, and to encourage in all classes a high sense of mutual obligation and citizenship. The system has been extended, with modifications, to Leipzig and other German towns—always with marked and encouraging results. What has come of half-a-century's working in Elberfeld? This smaller kind of Manchester, with its active industries—spinning, weaving, button-making, dyeing, iron, steel, and paper making—with its 150,000 inhabitants, knows nothing of the debased social conditions common in many of our English manufacturing towns. A quiet but complete revolution in the habits of the people has taken place. Rags, starvation, and all the concomitant miseries of poverty, are now practically banished from the city. To find in Elberfeld a man or woman lost to all sense of decency and self-respect is a very rare thing indeed. And it is estimated that in the course of the half-century the burden of the city rates has been relieved to the extent of a quarter of a million sterling.

A modified form of the Elberfeld System

was introduced into America in 1873, when, expressly with the object of helping the poor of the city otherwise than by alms, the Association of Charities was organised in Boston. The city was divided into districts, each with its respective Committee, Director, Secretary, and Visitors. The city's charities were co-ordinated, almost all of them coming willingly under this central administration, upon whose board each charity had its representative. To-day the system is working well. Visitors are not allowed to give money. Reported cases are first investigated by workers trained for the purpose. Then the Board considers what help, if any, is to be given. But the Boston Associated Charities does not stop at visitation of the poor; from time to time it discusses economic, educational, and medical questions arising out of the problem of poverty. Largely in consequence of the work of this association, whose methods and principles have been approved by the Overseers of the Poor, the condition of the poor of Boston is greatly improved. Whilst in twenty years the population increased by nearly a quarter of a million, or 60 per cent., the number of persons requiring aid decreased by 11,700, or 42 per cent. All this has been achieved by the voluntary labours of a large band of enthusiastic workers who have put their services at the disposal of the divisional committees. The system has been extended to other cities of the United States.

In Scotland, early last century, Chalmers, on a small scale, anticipated the methods of Von der Heydt. He obtained permission of the magistrates of Glasgow to commit to his sole charge the poor of the parish of St. John's. At that time the poor of St. John's were costing the city £1,400 per annum. He divided his parish into twenty-five districts of sixty to a hundred families each, and placed an elder or deacon in charge. Dr. Chalmers acted as general overseer, and was extremely vigilant. Every needy case was thoroughly investigated. The divisional deacons became minutely familiar with the lives and histories of the people. The cost to the city was brought down to £280, but this was the least of the benefits; many vicious persons were reclaimed, and the poor were stimulated to self-help. The system survived his removal sixteen years.

Probably the earliest introduction of the Elberfeld idea into England is traceable to William Rathbone, of Liverpool. In 1871 he paid a visit to Elberfeld which made a great impression on him. He wrote: "Their system has proved that the one principle under which alone outdoor relief can be successful is the personal contact with the poor of the visitors, and the division of labour to such an extent that ordinary busy men can do the work without serious interference with their own labours, and will therefore go on doing it—not a few and for a short time, but a great number and persistently. I am sure the system could be worked in all moderate-sized manufacturing towns."* The question of applying the Elberfeld System to Liverpool, the conditions of which were so different from those of

Elberfeld, long simmered in Mr. Rathbone's mind. But ultimately, in 1887, its chief methods were, upon his suggestion, introduced into the Liverpool Central Relief Society. The division of the city into districts, with committees and Friendly Visitors, was undertaken, but only gradually; and, according to Mr. Grisewood, the secretary, it was not until 1907 that the district committees were completed. Mr. Rathbone's prolonged interest in the Elberfeld System and in the acclimatising of it in this country are in complete keeping with that consecration of his purse and his heart to what he called "my first love—the Ministry to the Poor."†

This infusion of the Elberfeld spirit into existing organisations was all to the good. It was reserved, however, to the Guilds of Help to marshal and organise the entire sympathies and resources of a city in the service of its suffering poor. The Guild of Help is the first really comprehensive adaptation in England of the Elberfeld idea. The oldest Guild has been at work only four years. What it and other Guilds are doing will form the subject of a second article.

THE Garden City idea has taken root in Germany. At Hellerau, near Dresden, an area of 1,250,000 square yards, sufficient to erect 2,000 houses, has been secured at a cost of 1s. 6d. a square yard, and a company formed on whose capital not more than 4 per cent. will be paid, and the increment of value resulting from the settlement of people on the estate will be secured for the community. It is expected that working-men will be provided with pleasant single houses with gardens, good kitchens, sculleries, and baths, instead of the barrack-like dwellings usually occupied by German artisans. The scheme is supported by the German Art Workshops in Dresden, which cannot find sufficient room in that town. Characteristically German is the proposal for the musical development of the inhabitants. The fundamental ideas of music are to be imparted to children from six years of age in dances and play, followed by study of part songs, and, later, instrumental music. Herr Bernard Kampfmeyer, the chairman of the German Garden City Association, has great hopes that, since the company has excellent organising powers, and the necessary money, this enterprise will prove a success, and be a model on which to go forward to realise the far-reaching aims of the association.

WHAT is the secret of religion, do you ask? It is the same as the secret of any truth of life. It begins just where we are to-day. Fidelity, honesty, purity, truth—you can have no religion without them, any more than you can have any life at all that is worth the name without them. And, on the other hand, you can have no life that is complete until all these run up into the spiritual virtues which are their perfection, and are warmed and made alive by religious trust.—Henry Wilder Foote.

* "William Rathbone: A Memoir." By Eleanor F. Rathbone. (Macmillan & Co. pp. 280—1).

† "Ibid." (p. 280.)

PROVINCIAL LETTER.

WALES.

WHEN a Welsh D.D. of some note told a Unitarian convert some time ago that he was going to hell with his eyes open, he but gave expression to a sentiment that still prevails largely in many parts of the Principality towards the Unitarians; and such a sentiment is of itself a sufficient proof that there is still much to do in the way of spreading rational views of Unity, and of making more generally known what Unitarianism or genuine Unity stands for.

Little is heard now of the Revival; the period of excitement is over, and the aftermath remains in many places in the form of quiet inquiry and more or less doubt. One writer has raised the "Danger Signal"—three great bogies—danger from Rationalism, Romanism, and Revolutionism, and we almost hold our breaths. Judging from the number of sermons reported, and books and pamphlets published, we are led to think there must be some foundation for the fear which exists. The Rev. Cernyw Williams, in his preface to a very readable work on the Godhead of the Holy Ghost, refers to the great unrest, and says opinion on theological matters has reached an important crisis, everything, as it were, being in a topsyturvy condition. He implores his readers whatever they throw overboard to cling to Jesus. A Reverend Father in North Wales is kept busy beating Roman Catholic music out of "the pulpit drum ecclesiastic"; the Anglican clergy are stirring up strife in connection with the education question, and the Nonconformists, after reading the Pope's Encyclical and the Congregational Manifesto, sniffing danger, are looking after their fortifications and studying how best to strengthen them. The Calvinistic Methodists are taking practical measures, and have put forward the Rev. Dr. Cynddylan Jones, Welsh Secretary of the Bible Society—the Goliath of the denomination—to examine the breach. Dr. Jones has been truly described by one of his brethren as "an admittedly able and lucid theologian, whose reputation in this department of learning is more than denominational." He appears on the scene in full panoply—shield and buckler and breastplate—with the plans well and carefully laid, and on an extensive scale. It seems almost a pity to bring such powerful artillery to bear upon such small fry as Unitarians are acknowledged to be, and shows such a lack of the sense of proportion, as if one were to bring a Naysmith's hammer to crack a nut. It is proposed to put forth four large volumes—mighty Armstrong guns—of 350 pages each to bear on the situation and to deal with the general subject—"The Harmony of the Faith"—the Calvinistic Faith, of course. The first and second volumes have already appeared; the third will appear in 1909, and the fourth in 1911. The four volumes together are intended to give a full explanation of the Plan of Salvation. It is the old story, a refurbishing of the old weapons, a hashing up of the long-exploded theology of olden times. It is doubtful if it will convince anybody besides the elect for whom it is intended.

The work seems to demand notice in a

"Welsh Provincial Letter" because of the author's standing in Wales, the popularity of his writings, and, most of all, because the grand objective is—not the New Theology as such, but—Unitarianism. Indeed, the Unitarian name figures largely in these pages, sometimes in defence, but more often as a target to be shot at. Dr. Priestley is quoted as saying ("Early Opinions"—chapter not given): "However improbable the doctrine is, it is necessary to the explanation of many passages of Scripture"; and the author adds, if it be so, then the Unitarians avoid the natural conclusion, not by explaining the verses, but by explaining them away. I have not been able to spot anything equivalent to the words here referred to in "Early Opinions," but I believe the following extracts from that work express very clearly what Dr. Priestley's position was in reference to the doctrine of the Trinity (see Rutt's ed., vol. vi.) :—

"There are many, very many passages of Scripture which inculcate the doctrine of the divine unity in the clearest and strongest manner. Let one such passage be produced in favour of the Trinity. And why should we believe things so mysterious without the clearest and most express evidence?" (p. 18).

"It has been shown that there is no such doctrine as that of the Trinity in the Scriptures, but I will now add that if it had been found there it would have been impossible for a reasonable man to believe it, as it implies a contradiction which no miracle can prove." (p. 33).

Of course, Dr. Jones will demur to this. To him the Trinity is foreshadowed in the Old Testament, and clear and explicit in the New. To readers unfamiliar with orthodox theology a few tid-bits from this wonderful twentieth-century volume may come as a surprise. The following sentences represent the author's point of view :—If the Trinity is not true, then the Son of God has not become incarnate, and we have no Saviour.—The Trinity is essential to the atonement.—Deny it, and many passages of Scripture balk every effort to explain them; Scripture teaching becomes a desert. On the other hand, grant it, and the truths fall into a system intelligible to reason. It is beyond doubt that God has revealed Himself as Father, Son, and Spirit.—The Roman Catholic Church has clung faithfully to the Trinity, and it is this probably which has kept it alive.—Of Jesus we are told, that as God He was almighty, but His almightiness lay latent and was only made manifest occasionally.—He is God or not a good man.—He must be a Godman or a madman; there is no other alternative.

Then as to the doctrine of Salvation :—God was under no obligation to save a world that deserved damnation.—The Divine Love is the measure of the Divine gift, and that depends on whether Jesus Christ was a creature or our Creator.—The Divine Love is infinitely greater according to the orthodox than it is according to the Unitarian system.

Early this year, the Rev. David Philips, M.A., then a popular minister at Cardiff, now a Professor at the Bala Calvinistic College, read a paper by request at the Annual Conference of the denomination at Pontypridd. His subject was the Doctrine

of the Atonement. Dr. Cynddylan Jones read a paper on the same occasion on the same subject. Naturally, one would expect both to give their own views of the subject, and to do so as they best knew how. When published, the papers were compared and contrasted, very much to the disadvantage of the younger man, who seems to have been singularly oblivious of the claims of the creeds and confessions, and to have written after the manner his brethren in the faith call heresy. Sharp controversy followed in *The Goleuad*, the organ of the denomination, and at one time it looked suspiciously as if the young man might be dismissed from his Professorial chair. Better counsels, however, ultimately prevailed, and the matter for the present has quieted down.

But it is useless to say Peace where there is no peace. As soon as the ghost is laid in one place it raises its head again in another. The fact is, there is a general feeling of suspicion all round. Young men will be indiscreet at times. Even when they have been to College, there is no certainty that they will prove faithful to the "truth" as it is set forth in the creeds. The multiplication of B.A.'s and B.D.'s seems to many to foreshadow no good to the Church, and it is beginning to dawn upon their minds that education must be inimical to the orthodox facts. Poet Gray may be right after all—"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

So far written in March last. Since then the Unitarian Van has paid us its flying visit, touching various centres of population, and rousing a good deal of attention. The reception, as might be expected, was of a mixed description—in most places favourable, in some decidedly otherwise. Still, on the whole, the missionaries seem pleased, and their reports, as given in our Welsh magazine ("Yr Ymfynydd"), lead one to think that much good has been done, and this encourages the hope that the Van will repeat its visit at an early date. The Rev. D. G. Rees, of Bridgend, had thirty-eight days' experience on the Van, and his impressions form interesting reading. He concludes his report somewhat in this wise (translation): "The people, whether in the habit of attending public worship or not, take a deep interest in religious matters, and seem anxious to get some form of religion that will bring them into touch with life of the twentieth century. Many take a lively interest in theological subjects as such; indeed, in many districts theology seems an all-absorbing passion. This was a great surprise. Many are reluctant to identify themselves with any denomination. The authority of the old creeds is gone. The metaphysics of Jesus Christ's relation to God is losing its hold on people's minds; but Jesus Christ himself, with his gospel message to the poor, still maintains his grip on their hearts. This brings the Unitarian Church face to face with an important crisis. The fields are white for the harvest, and instead of idly waiting in the expectation that the future will bring us a patent reaping and binding machine, let us lay hold of the sickle and go out into the field—and reap!"

Our churches were delighted when they heard the Van was coming to Wales, and most of the ministers and many laymen

took up the work enthusiastically; and, though there may not be an increase of membership resulting therefrom, the general feeling now is that the mission of the Van was a move in the right direction. The numerous services held, and the books and tracts disposed of, must contribute somewhat to remove misunderstanding and to soften the asperities that have too long prevailed in the Principality in reference to Unitarians and Unitarianism.

The condition of our churches at the present time is much more satisfactory than it was three years ago, when there was a large number of vacant pulpits. Since then the Rev. Park Davies has settled at Pontypridd (dd=th soft), Melchizedek Evans at Aberdare, Alva Richards at Gellionen and Trebannos Simon Jones at Swansea, D. Glyn Evans at Aberystwyth, F. B. Mott at Cardiff, Arthur Golland at Newport, and E. H. Dennis at Pentre and Clydach Vale. D. J. Williams having removed to Belper and D. J. Evans to Chester leave vacancies at Merthyr and Cwmbach. May both churches soon find suitable ministers. To the converts who have recently settled among us we offer a special and cordial welcome, hoping they will find no difficulty in making themselves at home among us, so that we may the more easily unite and co-operate in every good work, and thus further the interests of God's Kingdom among men.

It will not be right, perhaps, to conclude this letter without a word of reference to some more recent exciting events. Many of the so-called orthodox churches have been much distressed of late by the presence in their midst of young men in sympathy with the New Theology. At a Congregational Church a few Sundays ago drastic measures were adopted, and the Augean stables cleansed by the expulsion of sixteen suspects, and "cries from Macedonia" were heard calling upon all the churches to follow suit and to help to stamp out this terrible plague. Resolutions of approval have been passed and in one or two churches ineffectual attempts have been made to trap any tainted sheep that may have found their way in, by requesting all who are "sound in the faith" to stand up—and everybody present stands up!

We must be very brief in the few further remarks we have to make. It is pleasing to learn that the Rev. Park Davies holds a prominent place in the service of the Progressive League in the Rhondda. The congregation at Llwybrhydowen has built its minister a manse—a very essential thing to the minister's comfort in a country place. Other churches would do well to take the hint and do likewise. Our venerable friend the Rev. John Davies, who will have completed forty-five years' successful work in the Unitarian ministry next July, has built a new church at Sychbant.

The death-roll of the year has been a heavy one, including the Rev. T. Thomas, J.P., full of years and of honour; the Rev. W. James, B.A., J.P., whose life was cut short in the midst of valuable and varied work for the good of the cause; while quite lately came the news of the very sudden death of Captain Davies, an earnest Unitarian and public worker, and for two

years—1906-8—the President of the S.W. Unitarian Association.

May I still add that in spite of the many forces working against them, our Unitarian churches hold to their post of duty bravely, hopefully, convinced of the truth, and of the infinite value of the message for which they stand.

R. J. JONES.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Wednesday, or Thursday Morning at latest.]

APPEALS.

London: Bermondsey.—The Rev. Jesse Hipperson writes from 43, Danby-street, Peckham, S.E.:—"May I appeal once again as the Festive Season draws near for contributions for my 'Poor Purse,' at Bermondsey. Last year a few of your readers gave me substantial assistance for the relief of a special case of distress. There are a few connected with the Church here who will be wonderfully cheered by another Christmas gift, and I appeal on their behalf."

Manchester Domestic Mission.—The Rev. W. J. Bishop of the Willert-street Mission writes:—"I again venture to appeal to our friends through your columns. The past year has been an exceptionally difficult one. Numbers of our people have been out of employment, and the cotton strike has made life extremely hard for a great many of them. Donations to the Poor's Purse are very urgently needed this winter. We are also hoping to be able to make Christmas as bright as in former years; and parcels of clothing, toys, books, and money will be thankfully received at the Mission House, Willert-street, Collyhurst."

Atherstone.—In connection with the Unitarian Church of this town a concert was held on Thursday evening, Dec. 10, when an excellent programme was rendered by the Hincley "Great Meeting" concert party, who were assisted by several local artistes. There was a large attendance, and the various items, which consisted of recitations and vocal and instrumental solos, were much appreciated. The chair was ably occupied by Councillor T. Slack. At the conclusion of the proceedings Mrs. Gee spoke very appreciatively of the "Great Meeting" friends and her former connection with that church.

Bedfield.—Rev. R. Newell acknowledges with thanks P.O. 7s. 6d., from "A Friend," Brighton.

Belfast: All Souls' Church (Resignation).—At the morning service on Dec. 13 the Rev. W. H. Drummond announced that he would terminate his ministry in June next upon his appointment as Editor of THE INQUIRER and Superintendent Minister to the Provincial Assembly of the Non-Subscribing Churches of London and the South-Eastern Counties.

Birmingham.—A united service of our congregations was held in the Town Hall on Sunday evening, December 13. There was a large attendance—about 1,400 members and friends being present. The object of the gathering was not to draw in outsiders, but to promote among our own people a closer and warmer spirit of fellowship. A choir of 130 voices led the singing, and in addition gave two anthems. The preacher was the Rev. H. Gow, of Hampstead, his subject, "The Kingdom of God." The sermon created a great impression, and was listened to with profound attention. The earnestness and passion of the preacher deeply moved the great audience. It is hoped that such a service may become an annual function.

Blackpool: Waterloo-road.—The Ladies' Sewing Society connected with the Waterloo-road Church held a most successful cake and apron sale on the 9th inst. in the Assembly Room connected with the church. Mrs. Arthur Foster, of Preston, who was formerly a member of the South Shore Church, opened the sale, Mrs. J. R. G. Grundy presiding. Mr. Foster thanked those present, on his wife's behalf, for a

vote of thanks, proposed by the Minister, the Rev. George Knight, seconded by Mr. Rowland Hill, and supported by Mr. Thos. Bracewell. A similar hearty vote was passed to Mrs. Grundy, who announced a gift of £5 from Mrs. Foster.

Bridgwater.—Last Sunday evening a large congregation, partly consisting of many strangers, assembled in Christ Church to honour the memory of John Milton. Three of Milton's hymns were sung very heartily, and the great Poet's lines on Time were read. The offertory was for the Bridgwater District Nursing Association.

Clifton.—A sale of work in aid of the funds of Oakfield-road Church was held in the Lecture Hall on Friday, Dec. 4. Mr. P. J. Worsley presided, and the sale was opened by Miss Gertrude Thomas, who, in the course of an address "in praise of needlework," referred to recent excavations in Crete, which showed how, even thousands of years before the Christian era, the arts, not only of pottery and metal work, but spinning, sewing, and embroidery, had flourished there. She had lately had in mind, Miss Thomas said, the words of the Apostle Paul, "Study to be quiet." It was not always easy to be quiet, to avoid being carried away by the excitement of the moment, or to preserve the quiet mind which alone was capable of judging and executing rightly; but, among the things which helped to that end, one was to have some craft, some cunning of the hand, either in painting or beautiful embroidery, or needlework, which, though plain, might be beautiful in its precision and fineness. Needlework tended to tranquillity, a quality greatly to be desired. She was glad, therefore, that it was a craft not neglected among themselves, as the sale she was opening testified, and she hoped those who had worked so zealously might have cause to feel that their labour had not been in vain. A vote of thanks to Miss Thomas, proposed by Mr. Charles Cole, was heartily carried, and the sale proceeded.

Derby.—The biennial bazaar and sale in aid of the funds of Friar Gate Chapel was held on Dec. 10, 11, and 12, and proved eminently successful, the gross takings exceeding £225. Sir Edwin Ann, J.P., who opened the proceedings on the first day, generously offered £10 as a nucleus for a fund for a new organ.

Dudley (Appointment).—Mr. T. M. Falconer, B.Litt., of Manchester College, Oxford, has been appointed minister of the Old Meeting House congregation, and will commence his duties on June 25, 1909. During the College vacations Mr. Falconer will preach at Dudley.

Guildford.—At the evening service on Sunday Mr. Ward gave a sympathetic account of the funeral service of Miss Marian Pritchard, and the hymn, "I cannot think of them as dead," was sung. On Monday Mr. Howard Mitchell gave a capital paper on "Social Darwinism" at the League meeting, and on Wednesday a sale of work and concert was held in the church parlour for church funds, and was well attended.

Hastings.—On Sunday evening, Dec. 6, the Rev. S. Burrows took as the subject of his sermon, Mr. Coulson Kernahan's book, "The Face Beyond the Door." Having referred to his difference from the author in regard to his conception of Christ, Mr. Burrows proceeded to dwell upon the substantive teaching of the book, which he heartily accepted, finding in it the expression of a large faith in the merciful discipline of God in the future life. A local paper devoted half a column to a report of the sermon.

Horsham.—The sewing circle of the Free Christian Church are again to be congratulated on the success of their annual sale of work, the gross takings of which amounted to just over £22. "If you do not sew you cannot expect to reap" one of the members observed, a short time since; but this excellent institution does both.

London: Forest Gate.—The rally of the Stratford, Ilford, and Forest Gate Churches on Saturday, Dec. 12, was a decided success. The tea was attended by about 40 friends, while many others came later to the evening meeting. Mr. Storr, chairman of the Forest Gate Church Committee, in welcoming friends, expressed the hope that the evening would make for a closer relationship in the work which lay before them, as mutual help and co-operation were never more necessary now than not one of the three churches had the active sympathy and help of a resident minister. Mr. Noel, of Stratford, and

Mrs. Fyson, of Ilford, in responding, emphasized these needs, the meeting unanimously agreeing, at Mr. Noel's suggestion, to the formation of a joint committee to further the work begun that evening. The Rev. J. Arthur Pearson made a happy speech, urging friends to take their courage in both hands when faced by the difficulties of church work. Some excellent music was rendered during the evening by Miss Dunmore (contralto) and Miss Watts (violinist). Sympathetic reference to the death of Miss Pritchard was made, and the sorrow of friends found expression in a vote of condolence.

London: George's-row Mission.—Rev. F. Summers gratefully acknowledges 5s. from "A Friend."

London: Wandsworth.—A very successful "Milton Festival" was held, Dec. 10. The poet's bust occupied the central position on the platform, which was decorated with evergreens, and a programme was rendered including selections from the prose and poetry of Milton, and music from works composed to his words. The readers included Mrs. Christy, Mr. H. B. Lawford, Mr. S. Makeham, and Rev. W. G. Tarrant. The singers were Miss Janet Oram, Miss C. Brown, Mr. Benson Lawford, M. A. McGlashan, and Mr. H. W. James, the choir, under Mr. James's direction, contributing two choruses. Mrs. Oram played selections from the "Comus" dance-music.

Mottram.—In the latter part of November there were anniversary services—preacher, Rev. W. Holmshaw—when congregations were not large in consequence of down-pouring rain. The annual party was attended by about 250, and after tea there was a very good programme of entertainment, including glees from the singing class. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11 and 12, a sale of work was held, which realised £62 16s., in spite of bad times. Mr. Leonard New, of Stockport, opened proceedings on Friday, with Rev. A. R. Andreae presiding, supported by the Revs. F. W. Turland, H. E. Perry, H. B. Smith, and G. Ives (U. Methodist). On Saturday Mrs. Ollerenshaw, of Glossop, opened, and the Rev. Jenkyn Thomas presided.

North Lancashire and Westmorland Unitarian Association.—In spite of very inclement weather twenty-eight people, almost all men, attended the fourth lecture at Kirkham, on the "Authorship of the Old Testament Books." Mr. J. Hardy Heywood, of Ansdell, occupied the chair. At an after meeting the suggestion was made that the work should be continued by the establishment of a "Kirkham Brotherhood." The feasibility of this will be fully discussed at the next meeting after the Rev. H. V. Mills' lecture on the question "Does the Bible Teach the Trinity?"

Stockport.—The Rev. B. C. Constable has recently inaugurated a Literary and Social Union which bids fair to tap a good deal of latent talent among the young men and women of the Congregation and Sunday-school. At the first meeting he lectured on Oliver Goldsmith, and at the second Mr. J. W. Lomax read a paper on George Eliot's novels. On December 6th a series of six Sunday evening discourses on Rational Religion as interpreted by Unitarians was brought to a conclusion, three of which were delivered by the resident minister, and the others by the Revs. H. E. Haycock, G. Street, and G. Evans. The attendance was very good, including many strangers. On Wednesday and Thursday, December 9 and 10, a sale of work was held, towards clearing a debt of £150. The sale was opened on the first day

by Mrs. Dowson, of Gee Cross, and on the second by Mr. H. P. Greg. The net proceeds, including donations, are expected to be more than £120. At the suggestion of Mr. J. Preston, the Young Men's Class has arranged for papers to be read occasionally by members and friends, and discussions to take place on Sunday afternoons, and already the interest has been shown by increased attendance. Last Sunday morning Mr. Constable took part in the tercentenary of Milton's birth by preaching on the poet and his work.

Tavistock.—After evening service at the Abbey Chapel, last Sunday, the Rev. E. R. Hodges, on behalf of the congregation, made a presentation to Major-General Jacob of a handsome gilt brass timepiece, together with an address expressive of the gratitude and veneration with which they regarded the General for his constant sympathy and kindness towards them. General Jacob, who was completely taken by surprise, warmly acknowledged their kindness in making that gift, and said that he would always be ready to do all he could for the church.

Yorkshire Unitarian Club.—The third meeting of the session was held in the Priestley Hall at Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds, when Principal Gordon of the Unitarian Home Missionary College, gave a very interesting address on "The Fortunes of an Irish Mystic." It was John Ward of whom he spoke, who was born at the Cove of Cork (Queenstown) Dec. 25, 1781, and having come with his parents to this country, passed through various religious phases. As a youth he was present at the battle of Copenhagen. He was connected successively with the Methodists, Independents, Sandemanians, and others, and was more than once in prison. He died in 1836 at Leeds. Discussion followed, and a vote of thanks to the lecturer, moved by Mr. W. Skelton, seconded by Rev. John Ellis, and supported by Mr. F. Clayton, concluded the proceedings. The next meeting of the Club is to be held at Rotherham on Saturday, Feb. 6, 1909, when Mr. Richard Robinson will give a lecture (illustrated with lantern slides) on "Houses, Homes, and Hovels." Further particulars will be announced in due course.

OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

SUNDAY, December 20.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. ARTHUR HURN.
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Rev. J. HIPPERSON.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE; 7, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN; 6.30, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. J. JUPP.
 Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11, Peace Sunday; 6.30, Carol Service, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. RIGBY; 6.30, Mr. DUNN, "The Golden Rule."
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. HENRY RAWLINGS, M.A.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15, Rev. HENRY GOW, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A.
 Highgate-hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11, Rev. J. A. PEARSON; 7, Mr. H. G. CHANCELLOR.
 Hounslow, Committee Room No. 2, Council House, Treaty-road, 7, Rev. J. ARTHUR PEARSON.
 Ilford, Assembly Room, Broadway, 7, Rev. J. HOWARD.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11, Mr. A. SAVAGE COOPER; 7, Mr. WALTER RUSSELL.

Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11.15, Rev. F. HANKINSON; 7, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.
 Little Portland-street Chapel, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER, B.A.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11, Rev. JESSE HIPPERSON; 6.30, Rev. D. DELTA EVANS.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 and 7.
 Stepney Green, College Chapel, 11, Mr. W. R. MARSHALL; and 7, Mr. EDWARD CAPLETON.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, M.A.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, P.S.M., Mr. G. WOOLLARD; 6.30, Mr. R. W. PETTINGER.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 11, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS; 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
 Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. DR. MUMMERY.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, E. GLYN EVANS.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. McDOWELL.
 BEDFIELD, 2.30 and 6.30.
 BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. C. COE.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.
 CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars, 10.50, Rev. J. H. SMITH.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER, B.A.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. G. HAMILTON VANCE, B.D.
 FRAMLINGHAM, 11 and (first Sunday in month only) 6.30.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES HARGROVE, M.A.
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Mr. R. V. HOLT, B.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-Park, 11, Rev. M. WATKINS; 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. FARQUHARSON.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. ERNEST PARRY.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. L. P. JACKS, M.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. JAMES BURTON, M.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.

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SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. BERTRAM LISTER, M.A.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. MATTHEW R. SCOTT.
 TAVISTOCK, Abbey Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. RATTENBURY HODGES.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, 11, Mr. F. LAWSON DODD.
 WEST KIRBY, Tywald Hall, opposite Station (side door), 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, We'ckerstrasse, 11, Rev. GARDNER FRESTON.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPE TOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

CHRISTMAS DAY, December 25.

ESSEX CHURCH, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11, Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A., LL.D.
 KILBURN, Quex-road, 11, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
 HIGHGATE HILL, 11, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 HAMPSHIRE, Rosslyn-hill, 11.15, Rev. HENRY GOW, B.A.
 HACKNEY, Chatham-place, 11.15, Rev. HENRY RAWLINGS, M.A.
 ISLINGTON, Upper-street, 11, Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.
 STRATFORD, 11, Mr. EDWARD CAPLETON. Collections for "Winifred House."
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, 11, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street, 11, Rev. H. D. BOBERTS.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.

DEATH.

DRUMMOND.—On December 14, Margaret Anne Menzies Drummond, wife of Rev. Robert B. Drummond, at Edinburgh.

ILFORD UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN CHURCH,

High Road, near Connaught Road corner.

OPENING OF THE NEW CHURCH on Saturday, January 2, 1909.

Door opened at 3.30 by PERCY PRESTON, Esq. Religious Service at 4, conducted by Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS; Preacher, Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

Tea in the Reading Room at 5.30, followed by a Public Meeting in the Church at 7.15; Chairman, PERCY PRESTON, Esq., supported by JOHN HARRISON, Esq., the Revs. JOHN PAGE HOPPS, V. D. DAVIS, B.A., DELTA EVANS, J. ARTHUR PEARSON, and others.
 Collections for the Building Fund.
 ARTHUR BEECROFT, Hon. Sec.,
 13, Ranelagh-gardens, Ilford.

WILTON STREET CHAPEL, DENTON.

On March 3, 4, and 6, 1909,

A NATIONS BAZAAR

To clear off a debt of £1,300 on the endowment Buildings.

Gifts in money or goods thankfully received by Rev. H. E. PERRY, Arnold House, Denton, Nr. Manchester.

DR. DRUMMOND will preach the Anniversary Sermons at Brookfield Church, Gorton, Sunday, December 20th. Morning, 10.45; Evening, 6.30.

IRISH LINEN PRESENTS!—Tablecloths, Rose-Shamrock centre, 63 in. square, 2/11; Breakfast Cloths, 42 in. square, 1/-; Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 2/6 dozen. Postages 3d. Patterns free.—HUTTON'S, 5, Larne, Ireland.

IRISH LINEN CHRISTMAS BARGAINS!—Pillow Cases, frilled, hemstitched, 20 by 30 in., 1/6; Supper Cloths, Shamrock centre, 36 in. square, 2/4. Postages 3d. extra. Patterns free.—HUTTON'S, 5, Larne, Ireland.

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